THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

Wrestling REVUE

WINTER
1961/50¢

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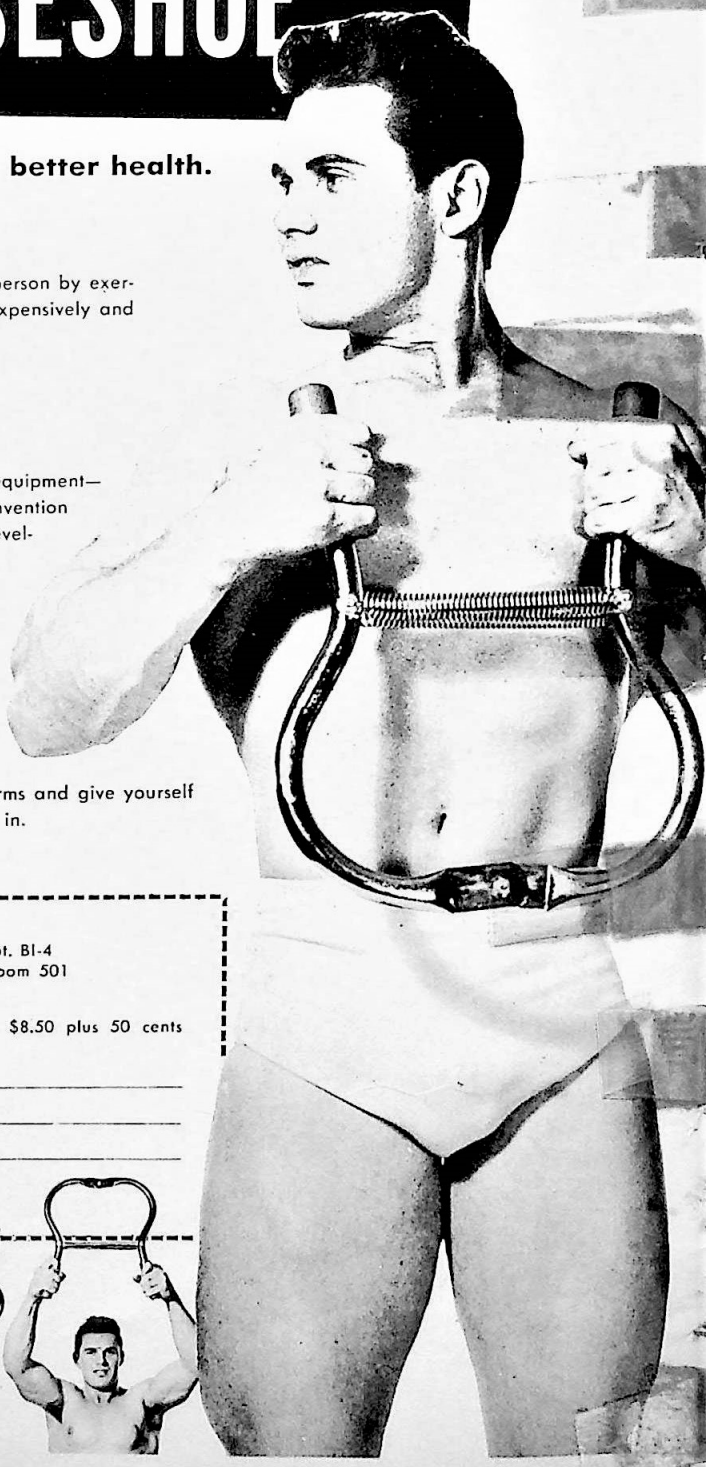

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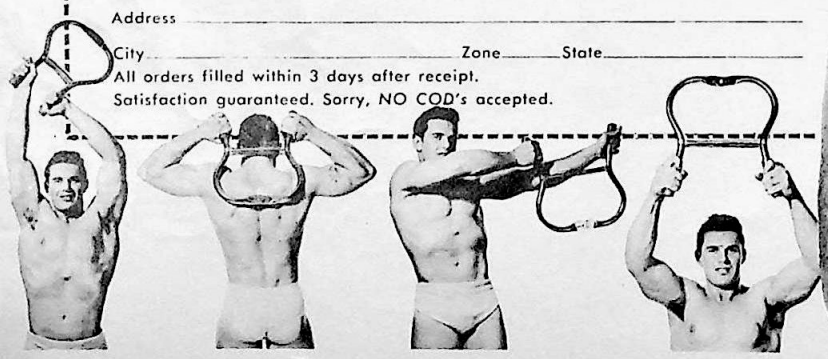

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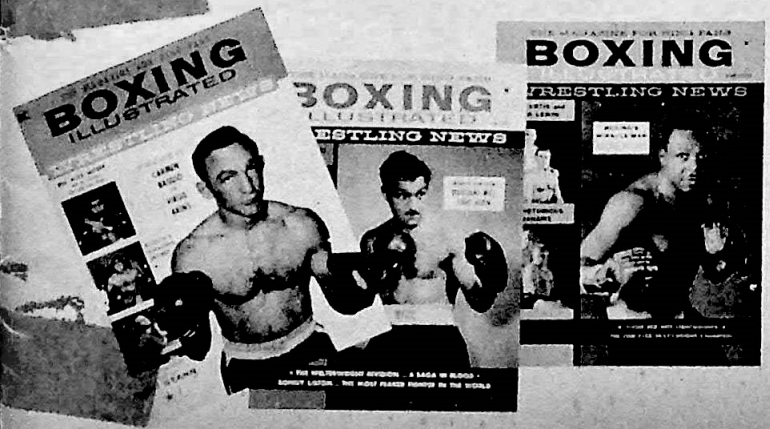

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Wrestling REVUE

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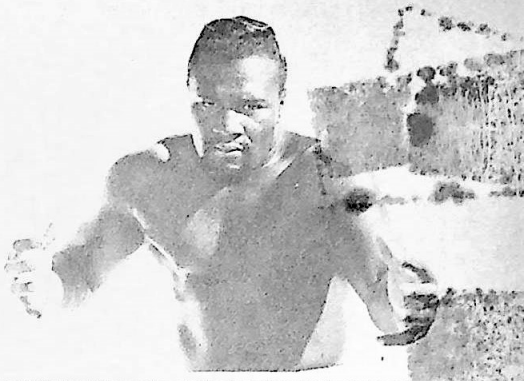

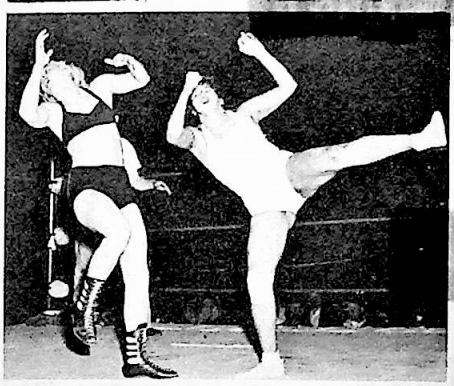

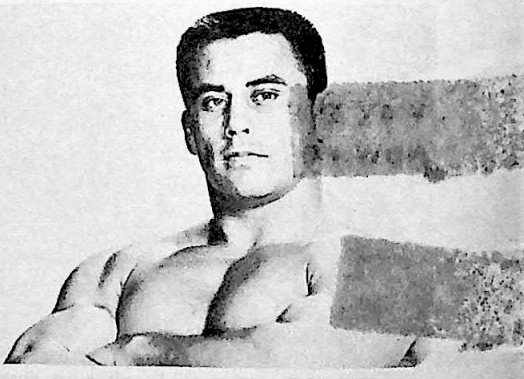

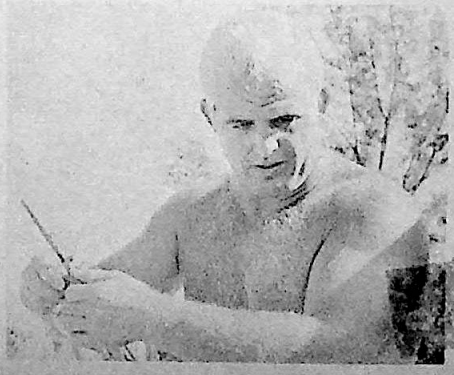

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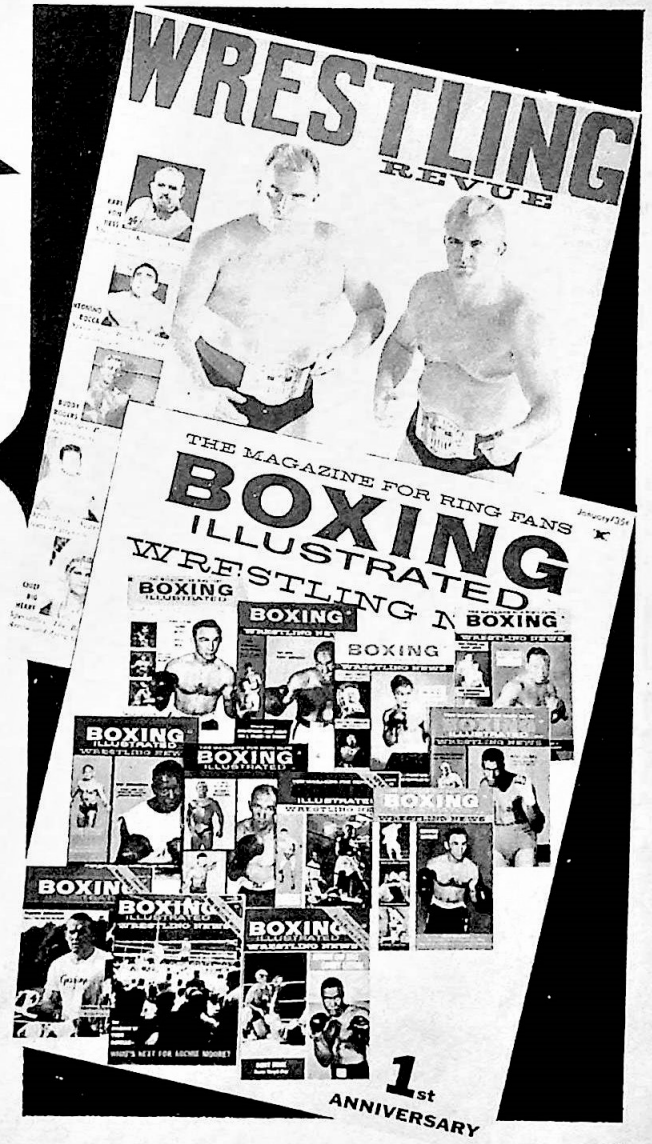

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Exclusive Taped Interview
DON CURTIS

One of the most popular and dynamic tag teams in the U.S. is made up of two young men from Buffalo, New York, who function so smoothly together that they seem to be connected together by invisible wires. Don Curtis, 30, and Mark Lewin, 24, teamed-up four years ago. Because of their All-America boy looks and remarkable skill they clicked from the very beginning, set box office records up and down the eastern seaboard and played a major role in building the great wrestling boom of 1957-58.

LEWIN: It seemed as if I'd been away ten years.

CURTIS: Right now we're as good a tag team as we ever were.

LEWIN: Wrestling fans are the most wonderful and faithful people.

Q: Mark, how does it feel to be out of the service and back in action?

LEWIN: Great. Just great. It seemed as it I'd been away ten years.

Q: Any comments, Don?

CURTIS: Just that its like old times having Markie back again. I felt lost while he was away.

Q: Did the long layoff have any affect on your teamwork? I mean are you able to function as smoothly now as before?

CURTIS: Naturally it was difficult at first. There were many rough edges to smooth out. Our timing and coordination needed sharpening. I'd say it took us about three weeks to get back into the groove. Right now we're as good a team as we ever were.

Q: Did you notice any change in the crowd's reaction towards you? Or were you accepted as if there had never been any interruption at all?

LEWIN: I'm glad you asked that question. Don and I were amazed by the enthusiasm that greeted our return. It was like a great homecoming. They gave us such tremendous ovations that we actually had to ask them to quiet down so that we could hear each other talk in the corner. These wrestling fans are the most wonderful and faithful people on earth. Don and I are deeply indebted to them and we always will be.

Q: Don, what did you do while Mark was away in the service?

CURTIS: I was like a lost soul. Sure, I kept wrestling. I had to make a living. I wrestled alone for a while, then I tried to team up with different partners. But it didn't work. In fact, those few tag team bouts I did have made me miss Markie even more. So I went back to wrestling alone while waiting for him to get his discharge.

Q: People are always asking what successful wrestlers, such as you boys earn in dollars and cents. Would you mind telling us?

CURTIS: No. I don't think we need be ashamed of it. In fact, we're rather proud of it. On an average, we make about a thousand dollars a week, each. As a team that amounts to better than $100,000 a year.

Q: Another personal question: what do you do with all that money?

LEWIN: We try to invest it in solid securities and annuities so that when our wrestling days are over we'll never have to worry for as long as we live.

Q: How do your earnings compare to those of other wrestlers?

CURTIS: You'd have to say that Markie and I are in the top pay bracket. Not too many of the other boys come even close to what we make.

Q: What would you say the average wrestler earns a year?

CURTIS: A little over $10,000.

Q: How long does it take for a wrestler to make $10,000 a year — which is $200 a week?

with
and MARK LEWIN

In response to thousands of letters from mat fans seeking information about Curtis and Lewin, WRESTLING REVUE arranged for an interview to be held in room 719 at Washington, D. C.'s Franklin Park Hotel two hours before the young sensations were to face The Fabulous Kangaroos at Capital Arena. To assure complete accuracy the entire interview was taped. The first question was directed at Mark Lewin, who was recently discharged after serving six months in the U.S. Army.

CURTIS: That varys with the individual. Some make as much as $20,000 in their very first year. Others never get that high. But on an average, I'd say that a wrestler goes for about three years before he can earn ten to fifteen thousand a year.

Q: Wrestling seems like a good way to earn a living. The hours are short and the pay is high. Don't you agree?

CURTIS: I suppose it seems that way to the average person. But consider it from every angle.

Q: What do you mean, Don?

CURTIS: Well, stop and think. You say it's easy. You're wrong. Let's suppose a fellow goes into professional wrestling. Maybe, if he's lucky, he'll get about $25 for each of his first few matches. As he gets better and becomes a better attraction his pay will increase. Okay, so this kid is going along well, but then he gets hurt. Maybe he breaks his leg, or his arm, or his back. He's out of business. Who pays his medical bills? Who takes care of his family? The wrestling profession certainly provides no insurance for him. He's in tough shape. Sure, I know what they say. That wrestlers don't really get hurt because they know how to take falls like circus acrobats. I'll admit that we do have ways of avoiding injury. But those *ways* sometimes don't work. You'd be amazed how many guys are crippled for life in the wrestling ring.

Q: Mark, have you anything to add to what Don said?

LEWIN: Yes. Every cent a wrestler makes is blood money— and don't let anybody tell you any different.

Q: If the risks are as great as you say they are, why should any young man even try to become a professional wrestler?

CURTIS: I suppose it is the same madness that drives men to climb mountains and to race in the Indianapolis 500 on Memorial Day. It's a challenge. Every match is a challenge, even though you may have faced the same opponent a hundred times before. There is always the possibility of the unexpected . . . and the danger, which is a tremendous thrill in itself.

Q: Don, let us move to another subject, one which directly concerns your work in the ring. As you know, the hold for which both you and Mark are most famous is the dreaded "Sleeper Hold." Can you tell us something about it?

CURTIS: There isn't much to tell. I learned the hold while in the Marine Corps. All Marines are taught it because it is a very quick and very quiet way to kill a man. I use an adaptation of it in the ring.

Q: What do you mean by an adaptation of it?

CURTIS: Naturally I can't use the hold in wrestling for the same purpose I was taught it in the Marines. I'm out to defeat an opponent, not to kill him.

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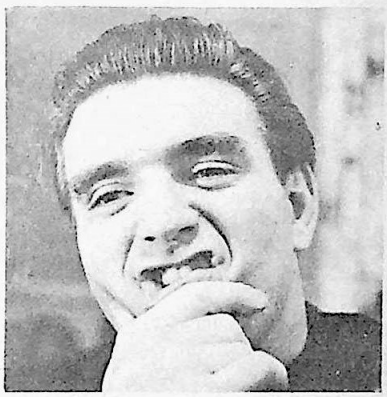
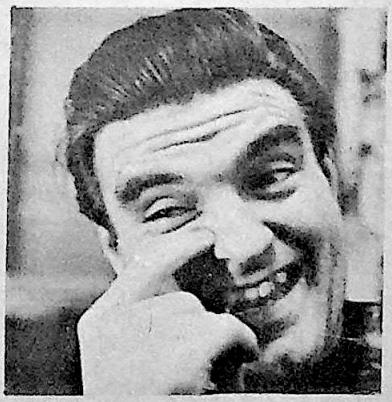


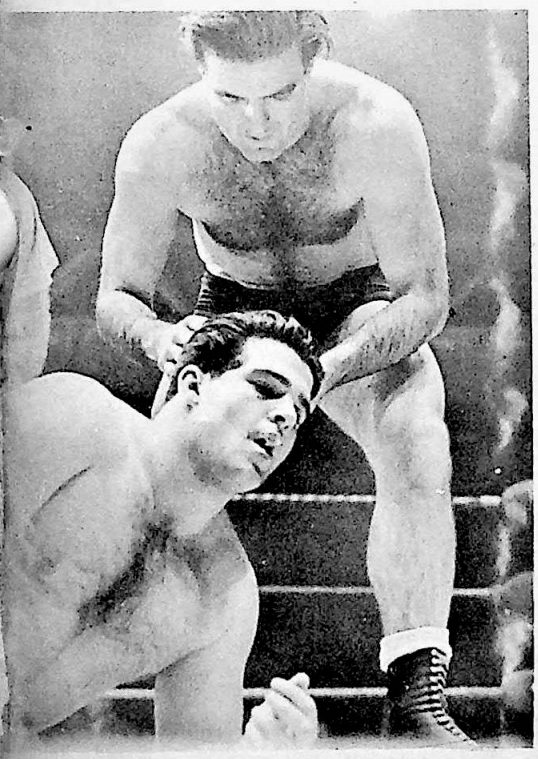
CURTIS: Stop and think. You say it's easy. You're wrong!

LEWIN: We sold out Madison Square Garden four times . . . 80,000 people.

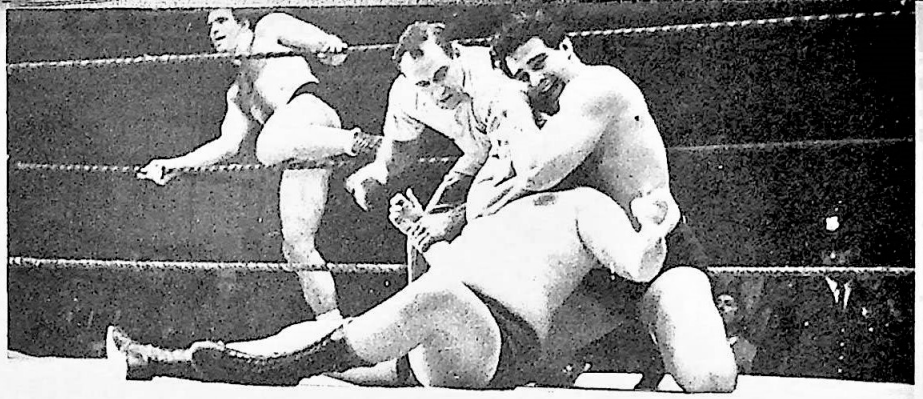


CURTIS: The same madness that drives men to climb mountains.

CURTIS: Don't let Markie kid you. His toughest opponents are women.



After losing a fall to the Kangaroos, Don leaped into ring to help strickened pal.



Jerry Graham is about to pass off into unconsciousness as Mark Lewin brings full pressure to bear with Sleeper Hold. Curtis comes into the ring at left.

Q: You mean you apply the Sleeper differently in the ring.

CURTIS: Of course. It becomes a matter of the amount of pressure applied. It is for that reason that this particular hold should never be attempted by anyone who is not fully experienced. If you apply excessive pressure to the slightest degree, you'll kill the victim. I have my own method of telling when to release the hold.

Q: When?

CURTIS: The instant I feel the man's neck mnuscles relax I know that he has lost consciousness and I immediately let up. You see, as long as he's conscious he's fighting to break loose and naturally his muscles are hard and tense. Since my arms are wrapped around his neck I can feel the muscles there easily.

Q: Mark, you use the Sleeper Hold, too. Did Don teach it to you?

LEWIN: Yes he did. But I use my own variation of it.

Q: Would you explain what you mean.

LEWIN: Don exerts full pressure on the neck. I use the sides of the neck in combination with the lower jaw. For some reason this method seems more natural for me and I find it more effective.

Q: Is it more dangerous?

CURTIS: I don't think so.

Q: Are there any men you've faced who were able to resist the Sleeper successfully?

CURTIS: Not really. Although some with exceptionally well developed neck muscles, have withstood it for a longer period of time than others. Skull Murphy is one, Killer Kowalski another.

Q: Which was the toughest team you ever faced?

LEWIN: The Graham brothers. We had some tremendous matches with them. The fans must have enjoyed them because we sold out Madison Square Garden four times wrestling the Grahams. If I remember correctly we drew a total of about 80,000. A record.

CURTIS: (Interrupting with a laugh) Don't let Markie kid you. The toughest opponents *he* ever faced are the women . . . girls from 6 to 60.

Q: We are all aware of Mark's reputation with the women. In fact, WRESTLING REVUE once published a feature story about him titled: "Wrestler With the Most Sex Appeal."

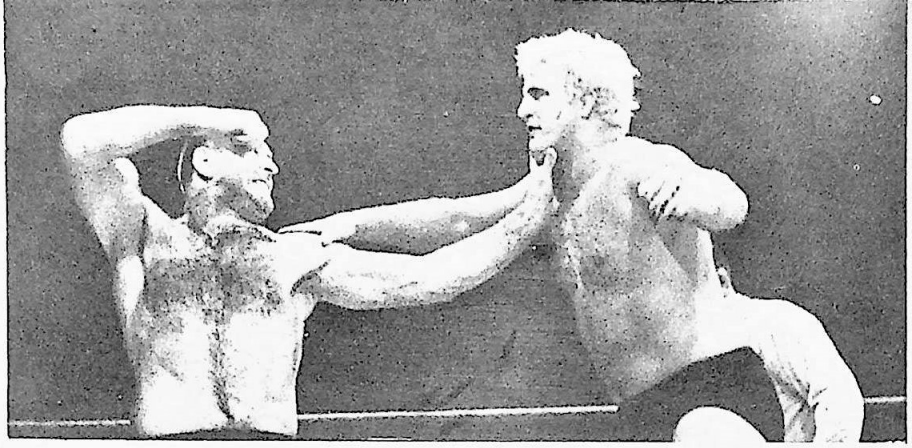
CURTIS: Never was a story more appropriately titled. (Lewin grinned and tossed a mock punch at Don's chin.)

Q: Don't tell us you mind all the attention women heap on you, Mark?

LEWIN: Of course I don't. I love it. The time to worry will be when they stop coming after me.

CURTIS: That day will never come you handsome dog you.

Q: I understand, Mark, that you have often been mobbed by bands of



An aroused Don Curtis sets up Eddie Graham for crushing right to chin. Notice the tremendous development of Don's body, one of the strongest in wrestling.

screaming females who have actually ripped your clothes trying to get souvenirs.

LEWIN: That has happened many times, and I don't mind admitting that it's dangerous.

CURTIS: . . . And very expensive.

LEWIN: How right you are. I wear $200 suits.

CURTIS: I know you do and as I've told you many times before I think you're crazy. Why not buy a suit for fifty or sixty dollars and put the rest in the bank?

Q: Sounds logical. Don't you agree, Mark?

LEWIN: Not at all. One of my greatest pleasures in life is to wear fine clothes. I enjoy it. So why not do it? I can afford it.

Q: Mark, once and for all will you please tell all of WRESTLING REVUE's female readers about your marital status?

LEWIN: I'm single and it looks like I will be for a long, long while.

Q: Good. That should set a lot of fluttering hearts fluttering even harder. However, when you do marry, and you will someday, what kind of a girl will she be? In other words, what are the requirements Mrs. Mark Lewin must have?

LEWIN: Wait a minute! Let's not rush things.

CURTIS: Go on, Markie, don't be bashful. Tell the man.

LEWIN: You stay out of this.

Q: I'll withdraw the question if it embarrasses you, Mark.

LEWIN: It doesn't embarrass me at all. I just never thought of it that way. But now that you bring it up it sounds rather intriguing. I'd say the girl I marry will be intelligent, pretty, a good mixer, a good cook, and one who enjoys staying at home more than going to night clubs.

Q: Assuming you did marry, say next month, how do you think it would affect your fans?

LEWIN: Being a realist I have to admit that it would hurt us box office wise. The same thing has happened many, many times to big movie stars. As soon as they married their once adoring female fans just lost interest in them.

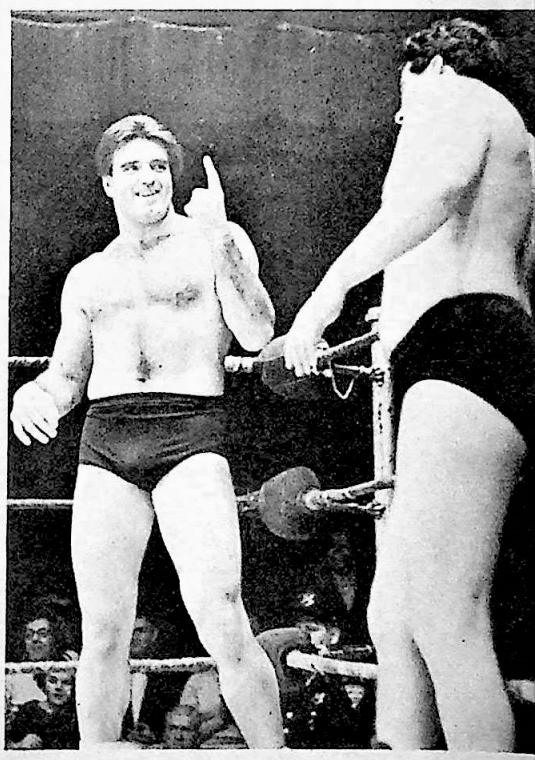
Q: How do you explain it?

LEWIN: The explanation isn't too difficult, if you understand women.

CURTIS: (Interrupting) And nobody understands women better than my Markie.

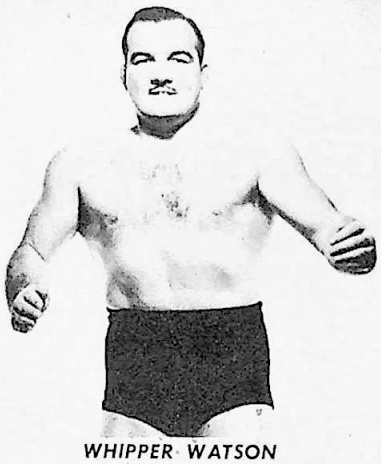
LEWIN: Don't mind him, he's just jealous. But seriously, women have vivid imaginations. They can visualize themselves in almost any circumstance. And that includes being married to some man they've seen but never met—in other words, a man in the public eye; a movie star, a politician, a football player, a wrestler. If the man of her dreams is unmarried, naturally the illusion becomes far more believable. That may be a clumsy way of answering your question, but its the best I can do.

LEWIN: I'd say the girl I marry will be intelligent, pretty.



After winning second fall from Kangaroos, Don holds up finger, indicating it's even.

(*continued on page* 68)



WHIPPER WATSON
After 34 minutes a "victory."

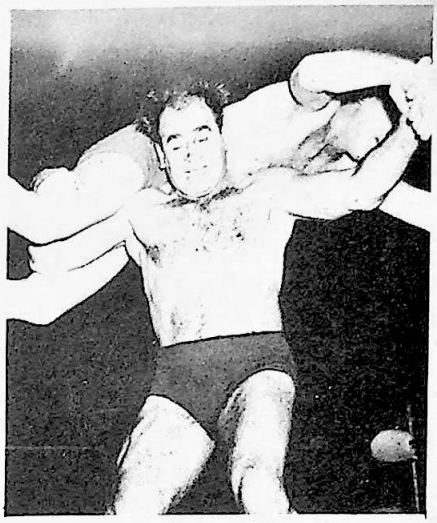
OUTRAGED

Sirs:

I was outraged by the outcome of the recent Pat O'Connor-Whipper Billy Watson world championship match in Toronto. After 34 minutes had elapsed, Watson was rightfully declared the winner and new champion. But then O'Connor claimed that he had not been pinned fairly because his legs were touching the ropes, then, to my amazement, the referee suddenly reversed his decision and awarded the championship back to O'Connor. This was completely unjustified and O'Connor is unworthy to wear the crown.

JEROME VALDECK

Waterloo, Canada



LOU THESZ
Against assorted gorillas.

AMAZED

Sirs:

I was truly amazed while reading your Lou Thesz story (Fall/60) to learn that this great star has been wrestling professionally for 25 years. You'd never guess it by watching him in the ring. I think that any man who can live through more than 5,000 wrestling matches against the assorted gorillas Lou has faced over those 25 years deserves very special praise.

LEON MEDVEN

St. Louis, Mo.

Readers Pros and Cons

MORE CONTENDERS

Sirs:

Why limit your ratings to the top ten only. It seems to me that a majority of people would like to know who the top twenty wrestlers are in each of the categories.

RICHARD MULLER

Chicago, Ill.

IDEAS

Sirs:

WRESTLING REVUE is certainly a credit to its originators. I have yet to miss an issue and I never intend to begin. I agree with Mr. Sanchez, whose letter you published in the Fall/60 issue, when he suggested that WR be published more often than four times a year. I also have a few suggestions of my own. I would like to see an enlarged rating section with a small photograph of each rated wrestler. I believe this would give added value to an already invaluable magazine.

DAN JACKSON

Indianapolis, Ind.

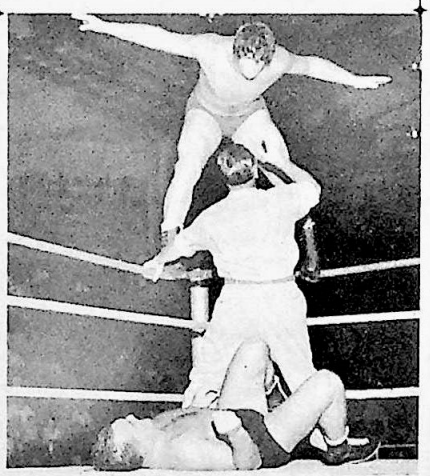
LIKES OUR COVERS

Sirs:

WRESTLING REVUE's Art Director, Alfred Gutzmer, rates a special salute for his magnificent cover designs. Never have I seen such life-like photographs and sparkling colors. The only thing wrong with WR is the long, long wait between issues.

PHILIP DUDZIK

Clifton, N. J.



DON LEO JONATHAN
Out west to break some necks.

OUT OF HIS MIND

Sirs:

The man who wrote that story about Don Leo Jonathan (Summer/60) must have been drunk or out of his mind. He wrote: "The fans love him because outside the ring he is as easy-going a guy as you'd ever want to meet." How can a man be easy-going when he kicks and stomps his opponents *after* a match is over? Furthermore, during a recent TV interview Jonathan said that he was going out west where he "would break some necks." Real lovable guy, isn't he? You'd better tell that writer to lay off the stuff while he's working.

T. BUCKNALL

Camp Shilo, Canada

LORD LAYTON
Kingly bearing in and out of ring.

LAYTON FAN

Sirs:

Though I can't believe that Lord Athol Layton is a true "Peer of the Realm," as you stated in your Fall/60 issue, I do agree that he is a fine wrestler. He is also an excellent television commentator and a brilliant showman. But the nearest he comes to nobility is his kingly bearing both in and out of the ring.

MARTHA WEIN

Cleveland, Ohio

SINGLE AND 29

Sirs:

After reading your article, "If I Married a Girl Wrestler" (Fall/60), I went to see my first girl wrestling match. It was the wildest thing I have ever seen in my life. The screaming, the hair-pulling, the kicking, the biting and the gouging flabbergasted me — and I'm no prude! But despite all the foul tactics I am sure that these dames

really know how to wrestle. I'm single, 29, and of average strength, but anyone of those girls could flip me on my rump — hardly what I'd expect from a wife. Sure, I'd like my wife to throw herself at me — but not the way a girl wrestler would do it. No thanks! I'll stick to the weak, helpless type.

HARRY WARNER

St. Joseph, Mo.

MAD BEASTS

Sirs:

Your story about Rickey Cortez (Fall/60) convinced me that what I have always maintained is true — wrestling villains are a bunch of wild beasts who should be exterminated. How a human being can smash the head of a fellow man into an iron post for no reason at all is beyond me.

BARTON STRONG

Lima, Ohio

RICKEY CORTEZ

Just one look at that picture.

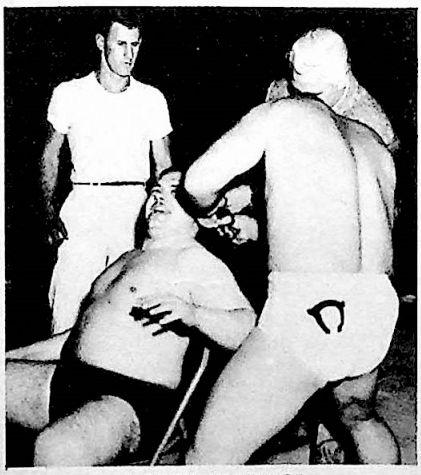
A FAKE?

Sirs:

I would like everybody who thinks wrestling is a fake to see that picture of Rickey Cortez' blood-covered face which appeared in your Fall/60 issue. I feel sure that one look at that picture will shut up skeptics once and for all.

BEN STEVENS

New Haven, Conn.



BOBBY WALLACE

Long hair was his trademark.

REMINDED

Sirs:

Your article "The Scalping of Bobby Wallace" reminded me of a similar incident not long ago. Prior to a bout with Whipper Billy Watson, Gorgeous George agreed that if Watson defeated him, he would allow his famous blond hair to be clipped off right in the ring. As things turned out, Watson won the match and George, true to his word, permitted a barber to snip off his tresses.

RICHARD WELCH

Guelph, Canada

NOT FUNNY

Sirs:

I could see no humor at all in your picture story "The Scalping of Bobby Wallace" (Fall/60). Here is a man whose long hair was his trademark and, in fact, a part of his livelihood. Dory Funk should have been man enough to allow Bobby to keep his hair, even though he defeated Wallace and, according to their agreement, was entitled to scalp him. I hope they meet in a return bout and that Bobby gives Funk the beating he deserves.

WALTER DOORS

Arlington, Va.

TRUE PICTURE

Sirs:

The thing I enjoy most about WRESTLING REVUE is that it gives we fans an insight into the real personalities of the wrestlers. We can see with our own eyes what they do in the ring, but very few of us ever have the opportunity of going into a wrestler's home and meeting his family, or traveling with him on the road, or talking with him in the dressing room. Your wonderful stories and photographs, however, bridge that gap for us. After reading an issue of WRESTLING REVUE I get the feeling that I know the men you have written about as well as if I had lived with them all my life. Keep up the good work.

GORDON MCDONALD

San Jose, Calif.

BERNIE BURKE

Thank you from all midgets.

THANKS

Sirs:

I cannot even begin to thank you enough for the wonderful story about me which appeared in the Fall/60 issue of WRESTLING REVUE. It isn't often that a midget receives national publicity. In fact, we little people are generally mocked and looked upon as freaks. Your article gave us all a great big boost and a vote of confidence. Thank you very much from every midget, wrestler or otherwise, in the world.

BERNIE BURKE

St. Johns, N.B., Canada

GOOD TO SEE

Sirs:

Although I don't enjoy watching deformed people putting themselves on public exhibition, I was impressed by your article and photographs about midget wrestler Bernie Burke. As long as midgets like Burke are professional wrestlers, I was glad to see them receive the attention they deserve.

MARTHA HOLMES

Amarillo, Texas

COME TO INDIANA

Sirs:

I got a great big laugh out of your glowing statements about Detroit wrestling (Fall/60). You say flatly that wrestling in Michigan is the best in America. Evidently your reporters have never seen wrestling Indiana-style. If they had, they could not have made those absurd statements about Michigan. Come on down here to the Hoosier state if you want to see *real* wrestling.

FRED SPARKS

Indianapolis, Ind.

COME TO TEXAS

Sirs:

WRESTLING REVUE is all wet when it says that the best wrestling in the U.S. can be found in Michigan. You should see what we have down here in Texas.

MARY DEWALT

Houston, Texas

COME TO BOSTON

Sirs:

The best, most exciting wrestling in the U.S. is right here in Boston, not in Michigan. Come here and find out for yourself. In fact, you can be my guest.

MILTON KRAMER

Roxbury, Mass.

PRINCE MAIAVA

He looks great over my bed.

MORE PRINCES

Sirs:

I particularly enjoyed the story about Prince Maiava (Fall/60). Wrestling needs more men like Maiava. He is completely fair in the ring and lives up to all the rules. But when he has to get tough, he certainly knows how to muss up a villain. The color photograph of the Prince was a masterpiece. It looks great in the walnut frame over my bed.

BETTY COMPTON

Manchester, N. H.

• *end*

With his beatnik haircut, his peppermint-striped trunks, his infectious smile and Herculean physique, Sweet Daddy Siki has brought something delightfully new and refreshing to professional wrestling.

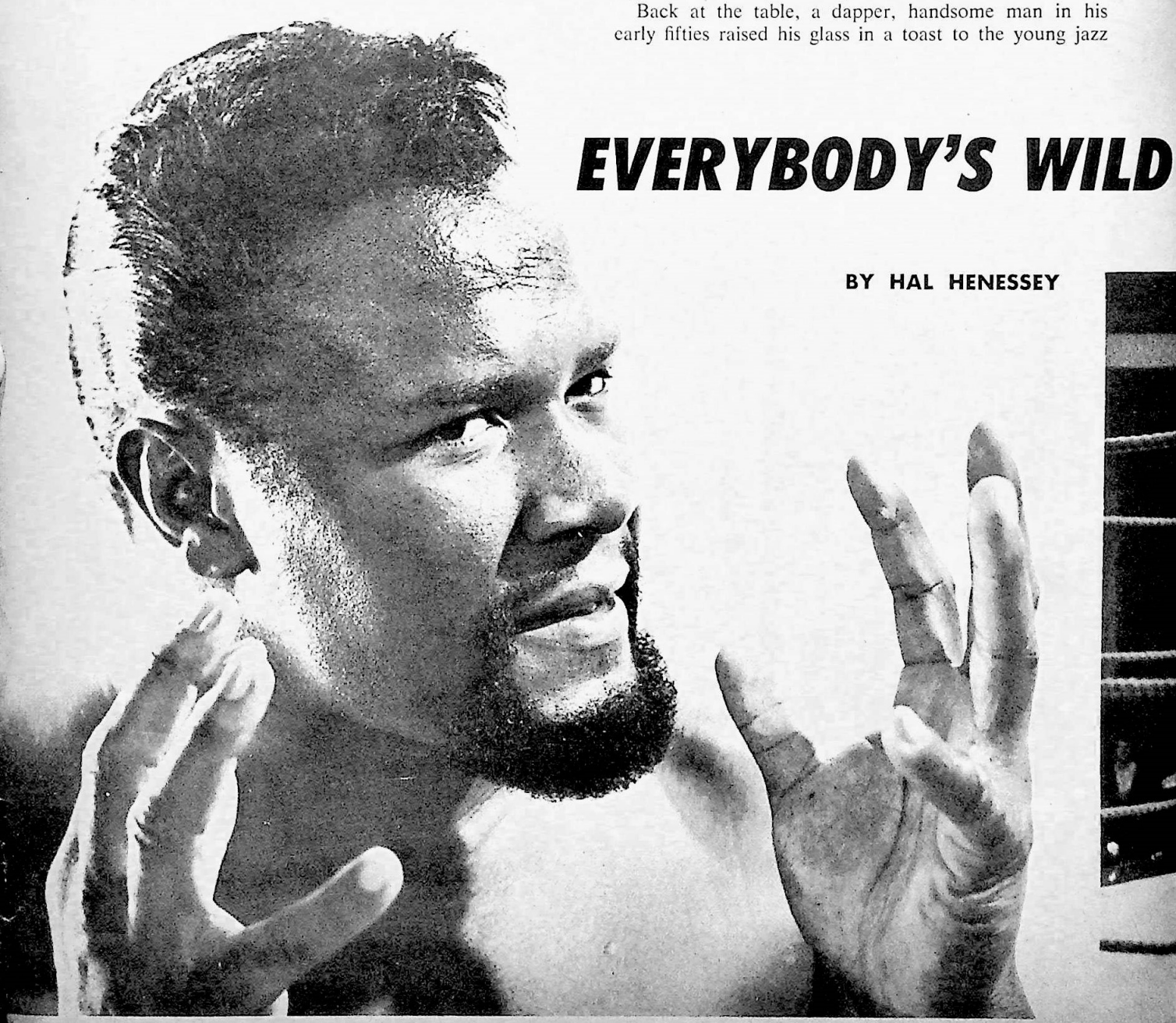
EVERYBODY'S WILD

BY HAL HENESSEY

IT STARTED ONE WINTER'S NIGHT in a Montreal cabaret to the wailing of a tenor sax. Out of the gloom that surrounded the brightly lit stage, out of the blue smoke and the thick smell of too many human beings in a confined space—and out of a depth of emotion too great to contain—a ringing cry arose: "Sweet Daddy." It knifed through the blue pall. *"Sweet Daddy!"* The words were taken up by more voices, and now it was a shout. "Swe-e-e-t *Daddy!*"

The bulky young Negro who stood in the middle of the tiny dance floor bowed slightly from the waist. His black eyes flashed in his handsome, bearded face, and there was a gleam of triumphant pride about him. His massive chest moved convulsively. A thin film of sweat covered the dark brow with its latticework of scars. As he turned and headed back through the semi-darkness to his table, the rising cry surrounded him like a comforting blanket: *"Sweet Daddy!"*

Back at the table, a dapper, handsome man in his early fifties raised his glass in a toast to the young jazz



singer. "That was a great job, Siki," he said, "—I didn't know you could sing."

The husky Negro wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a napkin. "I just had to get up there and belt out that song, Mister Quinn. That saxophone was too much for me!"

At the table of Eddie Quinn, the suave promoter who has made the words Montreal and Wrestling go together like whiskey and soda, the other guests were still applauding Siki's impromptu performance. Buddy Rogers recalls it like this: "We were sitting there drinking a little and listening to that terrific combo from New Orleans, when all of a sudden Siki jumped up and walked out on the floor. Then he started to sing—and, man, I've heard lots of juke box records that sounded worse! This kid could quit wrestling anytime, and go into show biz!"

The great Canadian wrestler Yvon Robert, also one of those at the table that memorable night three years ago, agrees with Rogers and adds: "More important, was the fact that that was the night Sweet Daddy Siki got his name."

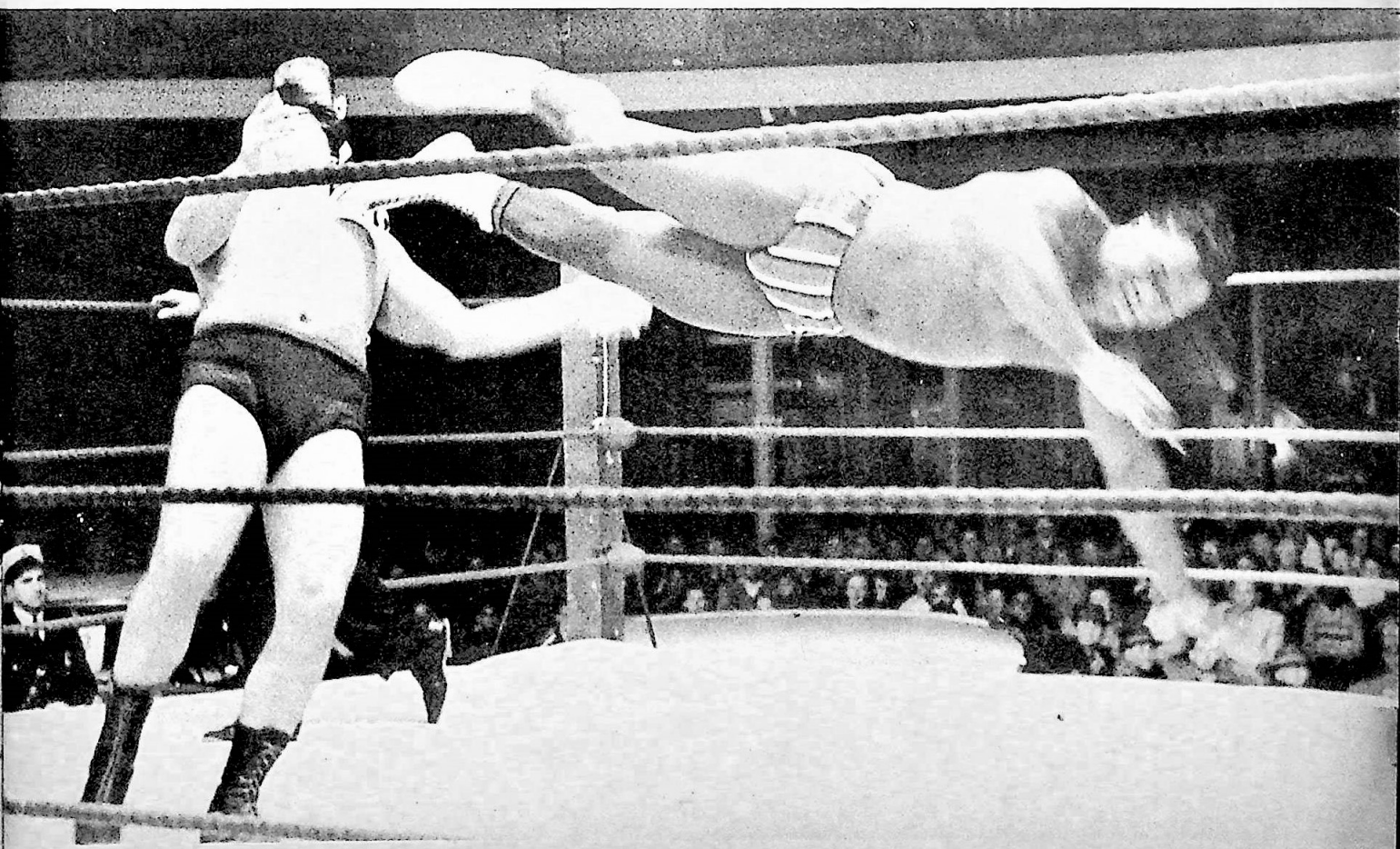
At a little reunion in Montreal, recently, Siki was asked: "Why did they start calling you Sweet Daddy?"

The big Jamaican, whose ancestors fought in the last of the great Zulu wars in Africa, then emigrated to the West Indies, laughed self-consciously. "Well, as you may or may not know, I am kind of popular with female fans. A lot of them were in the cabaret that night I got up to sing. It was the gals who started that chant and, well, I guess the others just took it up. It was a pretty impressive thing, wasn't it?"

"It sure was," said Promoter Quinn. "When Siki went into the ring at the Montreal Forum the next night, I had the ring announcer introduce him as 'Sweet Daddy Siki.' Siki was so surprised he almost lost the match. He just turned to where I sat at ringside and stared. It was funny as hell."

There is no doubt about it; years from now, long after Siki and Rogers and the others have retired and the

ABOUT THAT SWEET, SWEET DADDY



With amazing grace, Sweet Daddy Siki hurdles through the air to score with deadly drop kick.

Forum has given way to a housing development, they will be telling stories like this. For already the exploits of Sweet Daddy Siki are becoming legendary.

The legend begins in the Okefenokee swamp of Georgia-Florida. There the smooth-muscled teen-ager who was to become Sweet Daddy Siki would stand, at dawn, poised in the bow of a flat-bottomed boat. With a pull-noose on a ten-foot pole, he would wait till his partner poled the boat close to a lurking alligator. Then the boy would slip the noose over the 'gator's jaws and pull, and if all went well, the shotgun slug that followed would end the battle. The reason they used the noose first is that a shot 'gator will often sink.

Sometimes the beast would only be wounded, or maybe the noose would slip off. Then the slim, powerful boy would leap into the water beside it, seize the huge jaws of the ravening monster—and knife it to death! It was Siki's first real job—and the first indication that here was a worthy descendant of the Zulu kings who made things tough for their white conquerors in Africa almost a century ago.

"It gave me the strength to wrestle real live men," grins Siki from his eminence as one of America's fastest-rising young wrestlers. "Of course, wrestling 'gators wasn't the only training I got. Sandor Szabo, one of the greatest wrestlers of all time, helped me, too."

This highly important phase, and the real start, of his career took place in Los Angeles' Willowbrook high school, first, and then at Compton Junior College. At college Siki studied minting, the making of money. Although he hasn't minted any money actually, he sure has made it. His noble appearance and regal bearing, plus a wealth of wrestling skill has made Sweet Daddy a sure-fire magnet at the box office.

One day, former world champion Szabo discovered Siki doing nipups on a California beach and suggested that, instead of tossing his girl friend around for kicks, that he toss professional wrestlers around for real money. Said the impressed Szabo after watching the magnificently-built Negro for about ten minutes: "Kid you have what it takes to make it big as a wrestler—real big."

"How," asked the surprised and curious Siki—having no idea who Sandor Szabo was—"can you say that when you never saw me wrestle? And besides, how can you know if I have courage and persistence?"

Szabo smiled. "It stands out all over you," he said. "How about coming down to the gymnasium and giving it a try?" Sandor handed the flattered youth his card.

"That happened six years ago," recalled Siki. "I really wasn't too interested, but a couple of days later, when I had nothing better to do, I went to the gym.

Two hours later, young Sweet Daddy Siki found himself very much interested. Szabo and he squared off on the mat. "Do your best to tear me apart, kid," barked the old pro as the impressive-looking Negro eyed him carefully. As it turned out, Siki came pretty close to doing exactly what Szabo told him to do. Only by calling on the invaluable experience of many years was Sandor finally able to pin Siki's enormous shoulders to the mat.

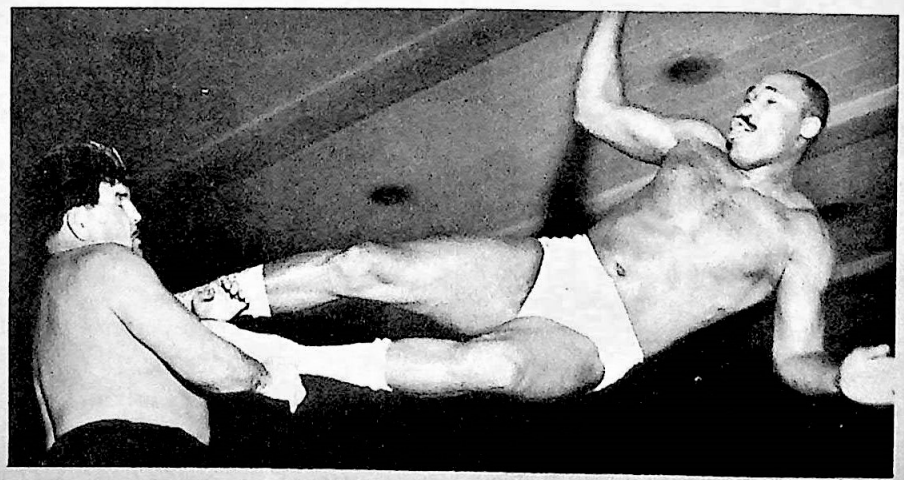
When it was over, the panting, exhausted Siki noticed that a mountain of a man, who weighed at least 400-pounds, was watching from a corner of the gym. He was Jules Strongbow who, like Szabo, was a former wrestling great. And Strongbow happened to be the man who promoted wrestling in the Los Angeles area.

From the corner where he sat impassively watching the performance of the two men on the mat came a voice that took several seconds to emerge from the depths of that massive body. "He'll do! He'll do real well! Make something of him, Sandor," ordered Strongbow.

And Szabo made one helluva wrestler out of Siki. It didn't take long, considering. Considering the fact that most wrestlers don't come into their own until they've been active for about five years. But the 225-pound West Indian seemed to have something extra that made up for years of training and experience. A quick intelligence was there, sure, but that wasn't all. The courage that enabled him to leap onto the back of a raging alligator—it too was there. But these were not all either..

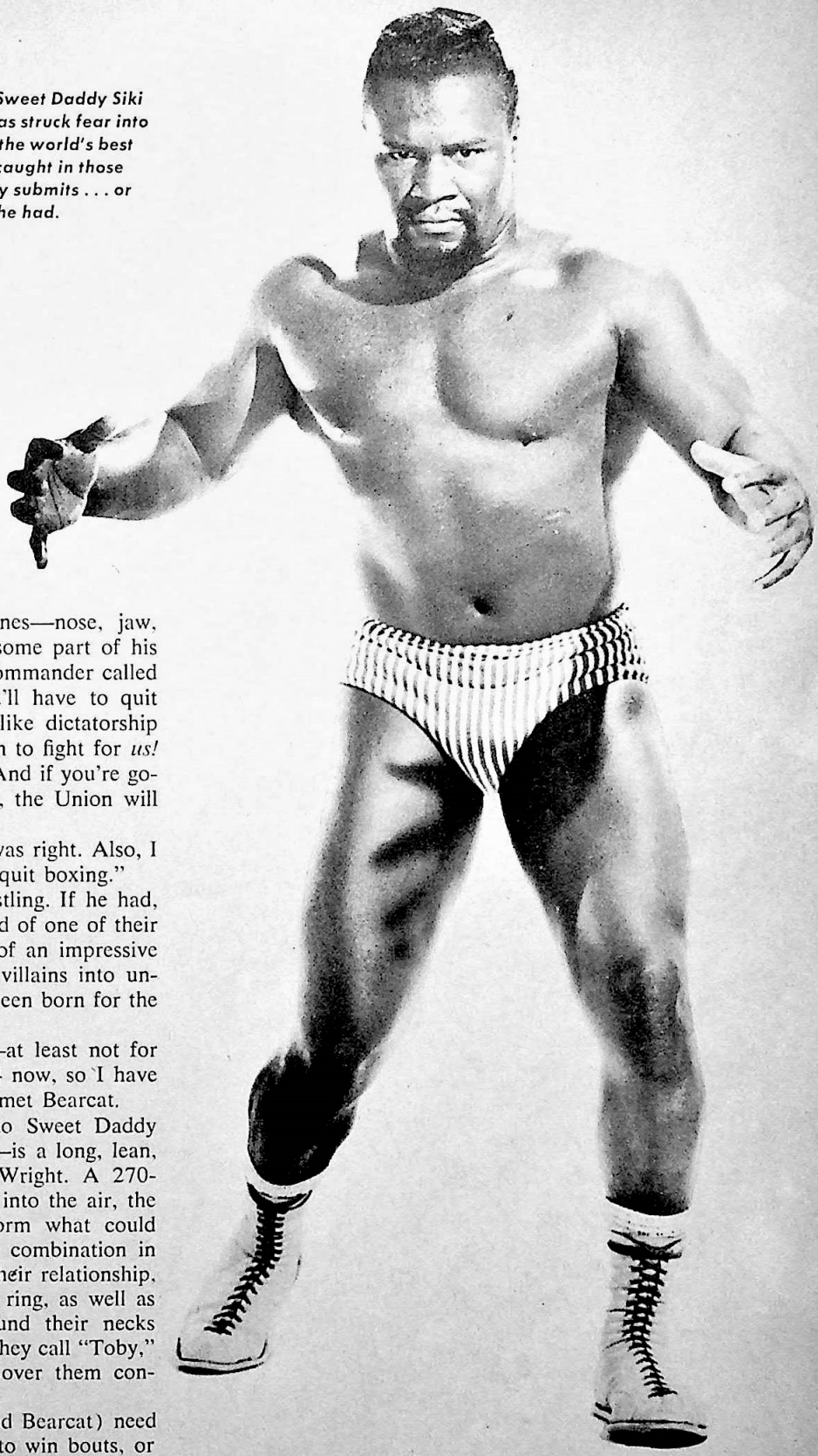
"It was that peculiar quality I saw on the beach, that day," says Sandor Szabo. "I can't explain it, and I haven't seen it in any other wrestler. But Siki has it—a kind of what you might call nobility of purpose. He handles himself like a king in everything he does. Even when he's getting racked up by some character he still looks noble. The fans sense it and cheer him wildly. They know he's something *special*."

That's about it. Siki is very special. He was always special. He calls up the memory of his army career. "I wanted to be a boxer," he says. "At least I wanted to try. So I trained a little at the base gym. Then I went into the ring. I had six fights. It's on record that each



Sweet Daddy's equally adept and new tag team partner, Bearcat Wright, a massive 6'6" 250-pounder, propels his fabulous frame to the heart of stunned opponent. Since teaming up, Siki and Bearcat have had tremendous success.

The awesome sight of Sweet Daddy Siki stalking an opponent has struck fear into the hearts of some of the world's best wrestlers. Any man caught in those powerful arms usually submits . . . or later wishes he had.



time I fought I broke somebody's bones—nose, jaw, skull—or put him in the hospital with some part of his anatomy ruptured. One day the Base Commander called me into his office. 'Siki,' he said, 'you'll have to quit boxing!' I asked him why. It sounded like dictatorship to me. 'Because we're training these men to fight for *us!* The country may need them some day. And if you're going to get them all a medical discharge, the Union will be in trouble!'

"Well, he was a good officer and he was right. Also, I really hated to hurt all those guys. So I quit boxing."

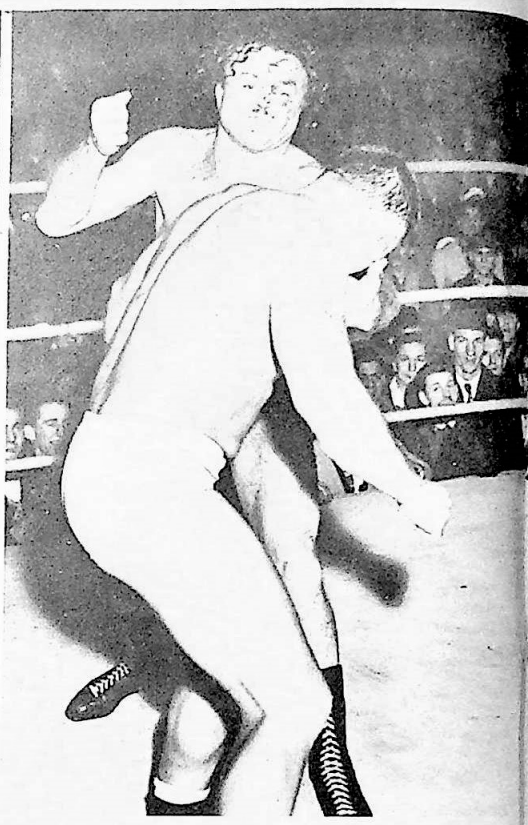
"It's a good thing he didn't quit wrestling. If he had, a lot of people would have been deprived of one of their greatest joys in life: the thrilling sight of an impressive young hero belaboring some deserving villains into unconsciousness. And Siki seems to have been born for the role.

I love wrestling too much to quit—at least not for the next fifteen years or so. I'm only 24 now, so I have a long way to go," especially since he met Bearcat.

The best thing that could happen to Sweet Daddy Siki—as well as to U.S. wrestling fans—is a long, lean, spectacular gentleman named Bearcat Wright. A 270-pounder who towers six and a half feet into the air, the "Cat" and Siki have teamed up to form what could easily develop into the hottest tag team combination in wrestling. In keeping with the spirit of their relationship, the two Negro sensations wear into the ring, as well as on the street, wooden medallions around their necks which are in the form of hideous masks they call "Toby," the eerie god who they insist watches over them constantly and makes sure they win.

But wrestling fans know that Siki (and Bearcat) need not depend on any wooden medallions to win bouts, or a place in their hearts. The talented ex-alligator wrestler works his own magic, whether in a brightly-lit wrestling ring or in the smoky gloom of a night club. It makes no difference whether he's belting out an opponent or a song, the magic words can always be heard: "Sweet Daddy. Sweet, S-w-e-e-t Daddy!" • *end*

His face a mask of blood, McShane threatens to annihilate opponent Bob Geigel. Referee Big Train Clemments tries to calm Danny down during hectic match.



Referee, extreme right, moves his arms signaling McShane's disqualification as Danny brings

THEY'LL NEVER KILL DANNY MC SHANE

BY JOE TENDLER

NOT LONG AGO, a young doctor, newly arrived in Los Angeles, happened to come across a full-length X-ray picture while familiarizing himself with the local hospital files. For a moment, he stared in disbelief—but there was the evidence before his eyes. It was the skeleton of a man who had obviously been run over by a steam roller, or fallen from a ten-story building. It was difficult to find a bone that hadn't been broken at least once, including the skull. But, what made the whole thing seem even more fantastic was that every fracture appeared to have healed perfectly!

But, thought the young doctor, it is impossible for broken bones to mend after a person is dead—and this man was obviously as dead as he could get.

The doctor went to his superior, a man of forty years service in that one hospital. "I just don't believe this," the young man said as he handed him the X-ray. "Somebody is playing a joke on us. No ordinary man can possibly have all those fractured bones and live!"

The older doctor grinned. "I agree. But that's no ordinary man you're talking about. That's Danny McShane. He comes in here every year for a checkup. I've been marveling at his fantastic recuperative powers for almost twenty years now."

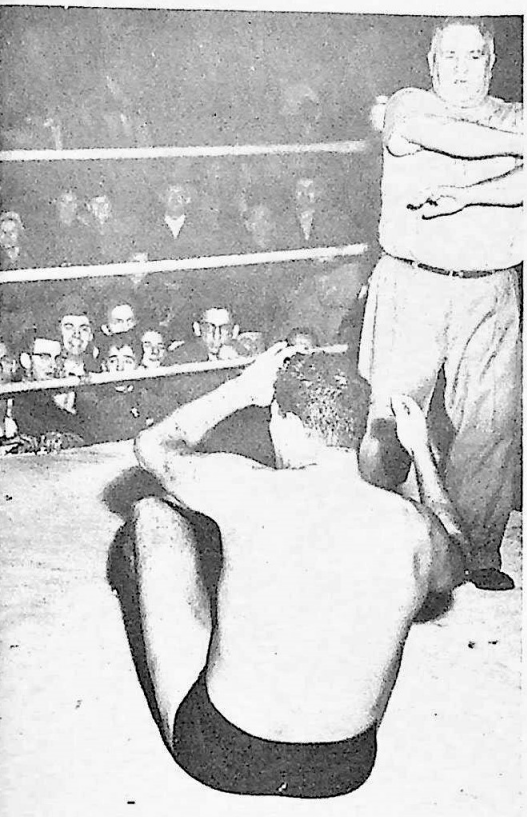
So has the rest of the country, with the possible exception of a few people like that young doctor, who don't get around much. "Who," he asked, "is Danny McShane, a circus acrobat? A parachute jumper who forgot to pull the ripcord one day?"

"No," the older chuckled. "Danny is a wrestler. A great wrestler and an extraordinary human being. Let's send out for lunch, and I'll tell you the story of Danny McShane."

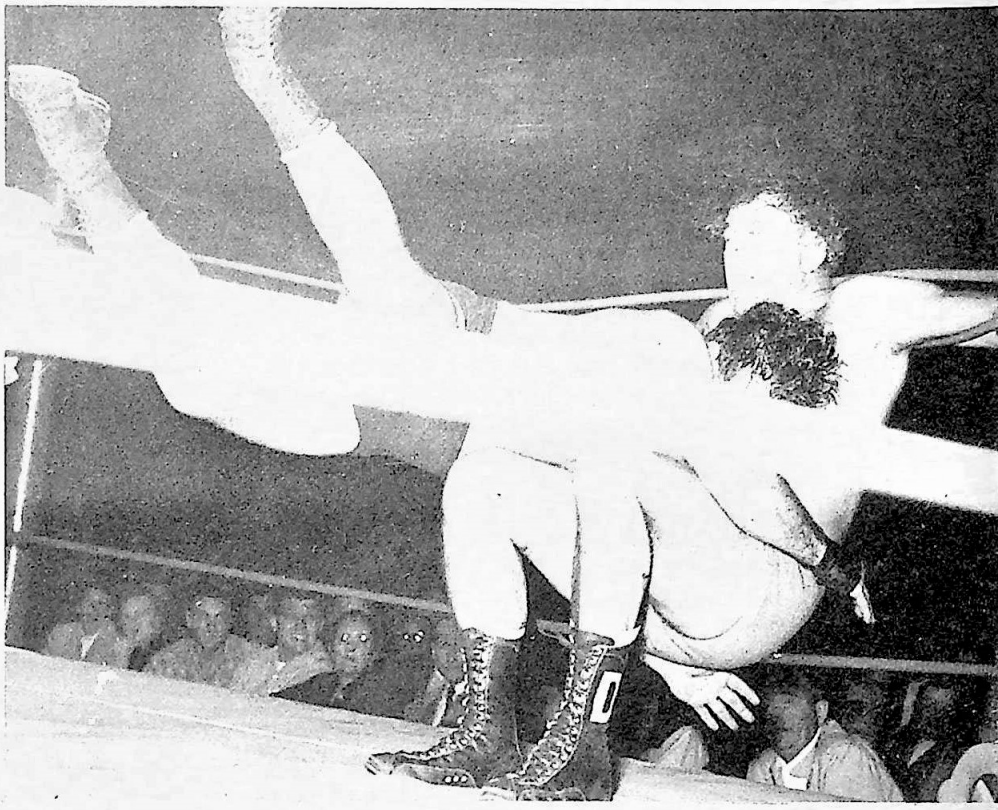
He told it something like this:

In the first place, Danny is one of the few wrestlers left over from the days of Strangler Lewis, Jim Londos and Dick Shikat. Still young both in mind and body, McShane has been fooling the experts for the past two decades. Every five years or so, somebody writes an article intended to be a kind of epitaph for Danny, a "he was great while he had it, but now he's had it," type of story.

But Danny keeps on fooling them by staying young, keeping his grip on the box office, and building up his enviable reputation to even more fabulous heights.



back fist to slug Edouard Carpentier. Ed's team partner, Ramon Torres, is seated at the right.



Dizzy Davis crashes into McShane's mid-section with tremendous impact during thrilling match in Houston, Texas. As usual, Danny bounced back, earned a draw.

According to his doctors, Danny should have been buried long ago. But he still goes on, year after year, giving wrestling fans the distinctive brand of thrills and laughs only he can provide.

He worked his way into the headlines long ago with his own copyrighted brand of wrestling; now, a quarter of a century later, nothing has changed—except that he has gained an entire new generation of fans. The wrestling style is still the same. And it's a slap-dash, bore-in, wearing-down style that keeps his audiences on its toes and his opponents on their backs. Sometimes, since he's generally 30-pounds or so lighter than his tormentors, McShane gets clobbered. But when he does, it always proves to be a memorable clobbering.

Such as one night in Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium. Somebody opened his skull with a ring post, a cut that later took 14 inches to close. Danny, refusing to quit, kept battling until he fainted from loss of blood. They hauled him off to the hospital for a hem-stitching job and a transfusion. There may be more scientific wrestlers than Danny (lots of them, actually), but none with greater courage.

Probably the people who know Danny McShane best of all are the famous Lewin Brothers; Ted, Mark and Donn, all successful wrestlers in their own right, and their sister, Sallee, who is McShane's wife.

It was back in 1950 when Sallee Lewin and Danny McShane were married. At that time, only Donn, oldest of the Lewins, was a wrestler. Mark and Ted were a couple of husky youngsters busily engaged in making a shambles of their Buffalo, New York high school's athletic competition. But they remember Danny, and even then he was a kind of godlike figure in their eyes.

It is Ted Lewin who best tells the love story of Sallee and Danny, a romance that is still in full bloom.

"First," said Ted, who is not only a fine wrestler but a gifted artist and a very articulate young man, "you should know something about my sister Sallee. She was a delicate girl. Only 5 feet- 4, she weighed about one hundred pounds soaking wet. And she disapproved of wrestling, wrestlers and anything connected with them. When our brother Donn became a wrestler, Sallee cried. We all used to kid her about marrying a wrestler herself someday. That would make her temper flare, and what a temper she has. She would lash back at us saying that she was going to marry a doctor or a dentist—somebody solid in the community.

"Well, one day Donn and McShane, whom we'd

never seen before, were wrestling on the same card in Buffalo. We talked Sallee into going along. When McShane came on, I noticed she kept staring at him with an odd look in her eyes. It was a sort of hatred mixed with something else—as though she couldn't quite believe that any man could be so brutal. When it was over Sallee said that McShane was the most frightful beast she'd ever seen, and certainly she didn't want to see him again. Donn just grinned at her. 'I'm going to invite one of the wrestlers to dinner tomorrow,' he said innocently.

" 'Which one?' asked Sallee, her eyes getting real big.

"Donn wouldn't tell her. It was McShane, of course. And when he came to dinner, it was sort of like a revelation. He was—and still is—the most charming guy I've ever known. Outside the ring, he's just the greatest, and he's always a shock to people meeting him for the first time.

"It was a shock to Sallee, for sure. She just stared at him again—only this time there was no hatred in her eyes. He talked—and how he can talk!—about a million different things. About Ireland, which he left when very young; about the auctioning business, which he decided to go into when he quits wrestling; about doctors and hospitals, about which he knew plenty.

"Anyway, a few weeks later, Sallee came to us and said she was getting married. Donn played dumb. 'Who to? A doctor, no doubt.' Sallee said no. 'To Danny McShane.' She got all red in the face.

"Then we all laughed. Because the very day after he and Sallee had met at dinner, Danny had gone to Donn and said, 'Don't get sore, but I've decided—I'm going to marry your sister.' "

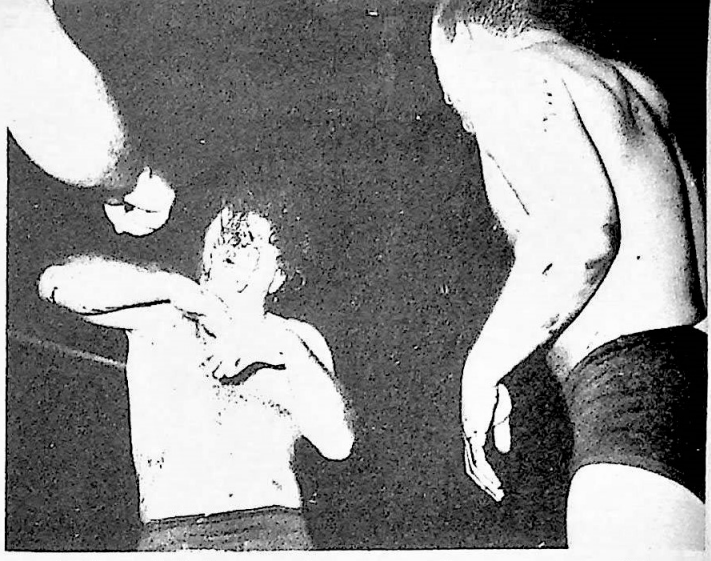
It has been a wonderful marriage, according to the Lewins—including Sallee. After a couple of years, when Danny went to school to study auctioneering, Sallee went along and learned the ropes also. Then they both went to realtors' school to learn the real estate business. Another thing they cooperated on was little Dannee, aged seven. Right now they're living in a $75,000 home in Houston, Texas. For the McShanes, this is a rather modest dwelling, since Danny is doubtless one of the two or three wealthiest wrestlers in the world.

"Even among those Texas millionaires," says Ted, admiringly, "Danny's up there at the top. When Sallee wanted a real solid citizen, she got one. Danny is a pillar of the community and as highly respected as the State Governor."

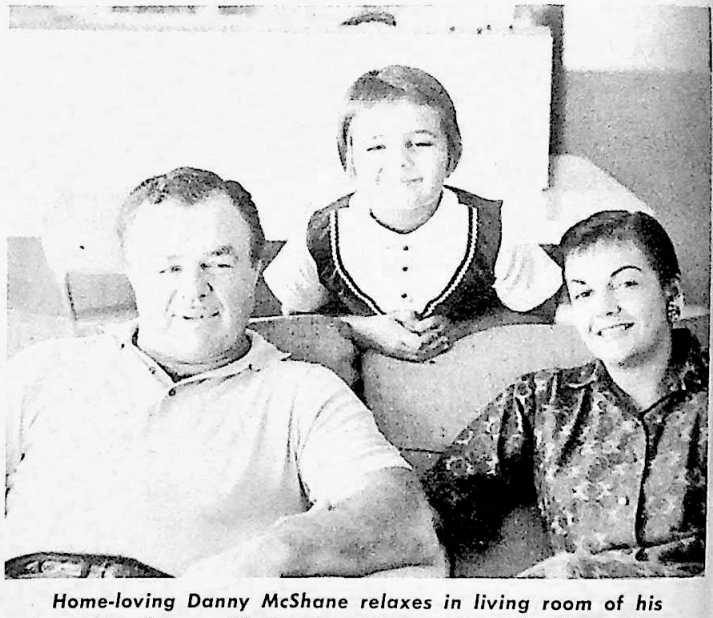
But, of course, not too many people know McShane outside the ring. Most people know only the incredibly tough, mean rowdy who has been a wrestling star since most of us were kids. What they see in the ring is something special.

They see a comparatively small—less than six feet and no more than 205 pound—man with a battered face that might have been handsome at one time, who has the most amazing strut in all wrestling. In fact, although a couple of other guys claim *they* invented the "strut," it is difficult to remember anyone who used it before Danny. For a long time he couldn't gain any weight, and he wrestled as a middleweight. This gave him the fantastic speed that became one of his trademarks and greatest assets.

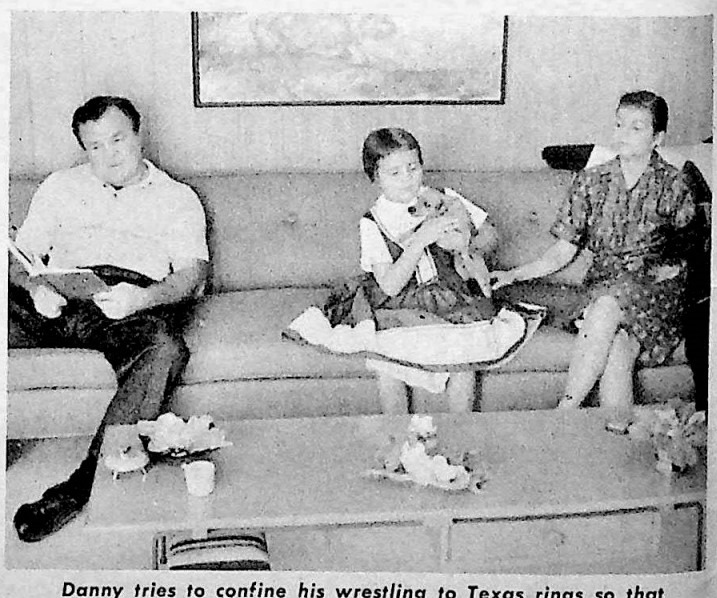
"I needed the speed to compensate for my lack of weight," McShane said. "It was my small size that re-



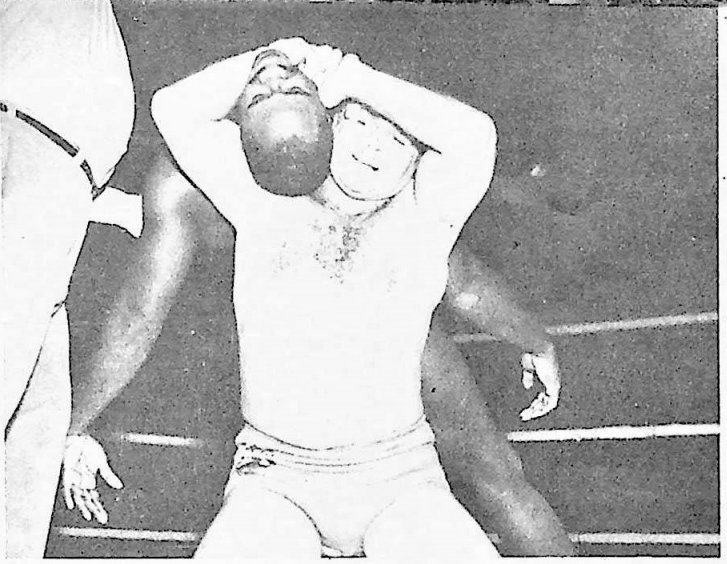
McShane falls back against ropes under savage assault by Tokyo Joe. Cuts on Danny's face required 12 stitches.



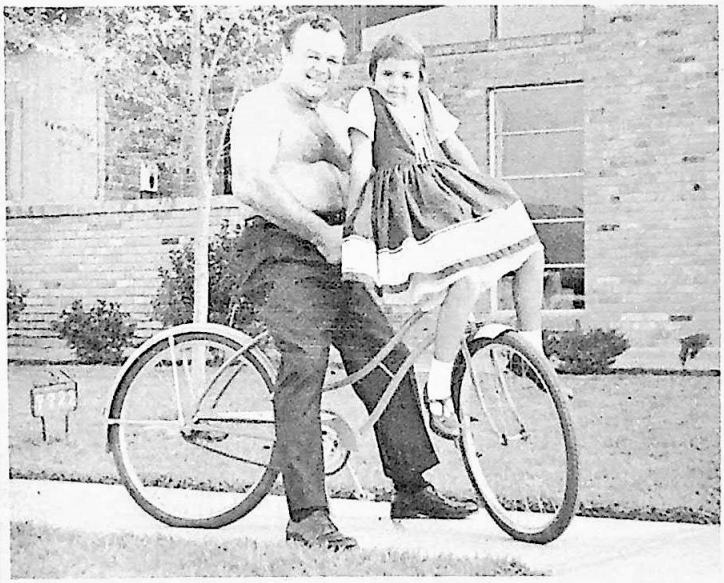
Home-loving Danny McShane relaxes in living room of his spacious home with daughter Dannee, 7, and wife, Sallee.



Danny tries to confine his wrestling to Texas rings so that he can spend as much time as possible with his family.



Big Bearcat Wright is caught in McShane's dreaded submission hold, the reverse headlock. Wright wisely gave up.



Danny and Dannee play on lawn of their $75,000 showplace home in Houston, Texas. He is as well known as the governor.

Although McShane has suffered more injuries than any wrestler in the world, he is still remarkably healthy and active.

sulted in so many busted bones when I took on guys who weighed anywhere from 50 to 100 pounds more than I. Then they hit upon the idea of making a Junior Heavyweight Division for fellows who weighed between the light heavyweight limit and 200 pounds. It was a good idea, especially for me. I won the championship of that division in November 1951."

That's all Danny says about it, but the records show that he won the title from no less than Verne Gagne, a man considered to be one of the finest scientific wrestlers of the modern era.

The remarkable athletic career of Danny McShane began at Glendale High School in southern California back in the 1930's. It was there that he competed against such track immortals as Charley Paddock and Frank Wykoff. Several times the lean, fiercely competitive McShane sped the hundred yards in ten seconds flat.

After high school he entered law school at the University of California, went on to win his degree. McShane is part of the ever-increasing group of mat stars who have long since wrecked the fallacy about wrestlers being all muscle and no brains. The matman with a muscle for a mind has vanished—if, indeed, he ever existed at all. Typical of today's cultured, educated and soft-spoken wrestlers is Danny McShane.

He is a stickler for conditioning, which partly explains why he has been able to survive what that young California doctor thought was a lethal aggregation of injuries. He works out at the gym, or at home, three times a week. Danny may well be the world's best-conditioned athlete for his age.

A lot of people wonder why McShane, independently wealthy and well able to retire long ago if he so desired, continues to wrestle, continues to get his bones busted and blood let. When he answers, he speaks for others like him—Lou Thesz, Bronko Nagurski and a couple of other contemporaries.

McShane summed up: "This business, to a wrestler, is a lot of things. A business, yes, but it's more than that. It's a sport, whether the newspapers and commissions admit it or not. It's a great body conditioner—it keeps a man young in mind, spirit and body. And it's something more that I can't name—the part that gets into your blood and makes you go on past your prime. The roar of the crowd has something to do with it, I guess—most of us are frustrated hams, to some degree. An analyst might find even more there, something much deeper. You definitely get a feeling of power in that ring, win or loose. For a little while you're a conquerer, you're the center of attention of as many as five million pairs of eyes. It's quite a feeling, believe me. But I'm not going too deeply into *that!* It's enough that all of these things, added up, make professional wrestling a wonderful profession. I'm going to stick to it until they untie the canvas in the ring and sew it up around me!"

The young doctor, a tender smile on his face, regarded the X-ray of Danny McShane, professional wrestler. "He's quite a man, isn't he? How long do you think he'll live with all those fractures?"

The old doctor rose and brushed the sandwich crumbs from his lap. He put the X-ray back in the file. "Danny McShane is immortal; he'll live forever." He paused and looked out the window. "At least, his ideas will—and that's almost the same thing." • *end*

TINY MILLS and STANLEY KOWALSKI

What began as an execution in a midwest ring not long ago has resulted into what is known as

MURDER

BACK IN 1951, the town of Rhinelander, Minnesota, was witness to an execution. The executioner was a huge, muscular man who called himself Tiny Mills. On this occasion, his victim happened to be a young man who was also pretty huge and muscular—six feet four and almost 225 pounds, with strength to match. Still, he was like a child in the hands of the executioner, who wreaked such bodily havoc on the young fellow that he was told he would have to spend the next month in the hospital.

But the young man had only recently turned professional wrestler and was determined that his career would not be ruined by the likes of Tiny Mills—even though the cartilage had been ripped in one knee, and tendons in both his elbows were painfully stretched. Although he walked into the ring, three nights later, with a limp, the large youth beat his opponent—*not* Tony Mills. Mills, however, was on the same program. He saw his victim of the Rhinelander match overcome great pain to prove his own courage. After the program, Mills visited the young man in the dressing room.

"You're okay, Stan," said the brutal Mills, a leading wrestler in the Midwest. "I know what I did to you the other night, and I don't know of any other guy who'd be out there wrestling tonight. Something tells me we're going to be in the same ring a lot more often."

Young Stan Kowalski, rubbing the swollen joints of his arms, nodded. "I hope so, Tiny—I hope so."

Nine years passed. In August, 1960, the prophecy of Tiny Mills came true. The two big men met again in the same ring. Now Stan Kowalski was even bigger, close to 250 pounds, and nine years tougher. He looked at the formidable Tiny Mills—and then a strange thing happened. Kowalski—now called "Krusher"—grinned at Mills, and Tiny grinned back! Then they actually shook hands!

"We," said Tiny Mills to Kowalski, "will kill these guys."

"Right," agreed Stan as he stood shoulder to shoulder with Mills, his ex-enemy who had, in 1957, become his tag-team partner! Across the ring, in the opposite corner, stood their evening's opponents. One, Joe Scarpello, was a good-looking young wrestler whose ability was considerable. The other was one of the greatest wrestlers of the post-war era—Verne Gagne. They formed one of the world's best tag teams; in fact, they were defending their championship against "Murder, Incorporated"—that is, Mills and Kowalski.

Thus did Stanley Kowalski, who had been a rangy, ungainly youth in high school and college, one most unlikely to become a successful wrestler, finally arrive at the very top of his profession.

It had been a long way to the top. Today, Kowalski says: "It's a myth about big, strong guys having it easy as wrestlers. I can tell you that mere size and weight are less than one-half the secret of successful wrestling. Mostly it's a combination of speed and science. But—if you happen to be exceptionally strong and have 250-pounds of meat on your bones, it certainly doesn't hurt. What keeps many of the bigger men from the top echelon is the fact that they lose their speed when they get into the superheavyweight class. Luckily, I built up slowly, and as I gained weight, I maintained my speed."

How high is up for Kowalski? "I weighed 165 in high school and I was way over six feet." Talk about speed for a big guy! In addition to playing fullback on the football team, Stan ran the 100 yards in 10.5 seconds, the 220 in 26, and the 440 in 51 seconds flat.

"It left me with a complex," said Stan. "As I got heavier, I got slower, naturally—and it bothered me, especially after I decided to turn to wrestling. It was Sandor Szabo who told me I should keep my speed if I wanted to be good. So I kept trying harder and harder to keep up

the pace of the lighter guys, even after I weighed, 220, then 240, and reached six-four. I can't run the 100 in 10 seconds any more, but I'll foot race any other wrestler in the world, and win."

He'll also *wrestle* any other wrestler in the world, including Pat O'Connor. "O'Connor has refused time and again to meet me," complains the good-natured Stan (good-natured out of the ring, that is). "So, since I can't get him into the ring with me, isn't that a sort of admission of his defeat? I mean, shouldn't I claim the world title by default?"

Kowalski says this with a straight face, but the corners of his mouth twitch a little. There is little doubt but that he would give O'Connor—or anyone else, for that matter—a terrific battle. This is borne out by his ungentlemanly conduct against the great Verne Gagne.

It is said by some that, had Verne's partner, Joe Scarpello, not intervened in time, Stan the Krusher might have perforated and pinned Verne. As it was, Kowalski and Mills got so excited that the referee was obliged to disqualify them. "We do not," stresses Stan, "consider a disqualification a defeat. After all, when we're disqualified, does that mean we were licked by the opposition? No, it means they were getting the worst of it and the referee felt sorry for *them!* Hell, we don't ask for any favors, why should the other guys?"

That little speech shows how different can be the character of a wrestler in and out of the ring. Both Kowalski and Mills are wonderful fellows in private life—or even in the dressing room. But once they climb through those ropes, something frightful happens to them, as it does to so many other decent men who tend to the "rough" style of wrestling. Men like the Kangaroos and Skull Murphy, to name just a few. "Sure, it's psychological," claims Kowalski. "I tried being a nice guy in the ring for a while after I turned pro. But, even though Sandor Szabo and Joe Pazandak trained me and encouraged me, telling me that *science* was everything, I found myself getting racked up too often for comfort. I've already told you what Mills did to me. So I said to hell with this nonsense. Right away I started getting respect in the ring—and more victories. I'm the type who *has* to be on the offensive all the time—you know, the best defense is a good offense—otherwise, I'd give the other guy a chance to take the offensive—and right away, I've had it!"

That this kind of wrestling pays off for Kowalski has been proved by noisy cash registers wherever he has appeared alone or with his Murder, Incorporated partner, Tiny Mills.

"We were on our big tour of the Orient," says Stan, "the one that took 15 months and broke all records wherever we went—Japan, the Philippines, Australia, India—the works. Well, in Australia, after we finished demolishing a couple of poor slobs who had the guts—and the stupidity—to challenge us, a rough looking fan came up to us. He was smoking a long cigar and he had a diamond stick pin in his $50 tie. I swear there was a gun-shaped bulge under his left armpit; there was also a bulging blonde hanging onto his left arm. He said with obvious admiration, 'You guys are great—you remind me of my old gang, the way you took them bums out!'

"I asked him what old gang, Capone's, maybe?

" 'No,' the guy said, 'Murder, Incorporated.' "

From then on, that was the name of America's newest and roughest tag team. Most of the wrestler-type folks who have encountered Murder, Incorporated in the ring agree that it's a very appropriate name. Verne Gagne has been heard to say, "They're tough, all right. I think Joe and I can take them, but they keep disqualifying themselves. After all their dirty tricks, I'm half expecting, next time we meet, that they'll come into the ring with switch-blade knives under their trunks and prussic acid under their fingernails."

When this remark was relayed to him, Stan Kowalski laughed. "Verne is a great wrestler, you can't take that away from him. Still, it's to his advantage to belittle us. I still say that if he—or anybody else—can't take the particular brand of wrestling we dish out, then they shouldn't get into the ring with us—but then how could they admit we're a better team?"

Now and then Stan is mistaken for another top-notch Kowalski—Killer, or Wladek, another claimant of the world title. "I'm not terribly flattered," admits Stan. "Killer Kowalski and I are not even remotely related, and our wrestling styles are somewhat different—the only things we have in common are our names and size. Wladek is a couple of inches taller and about thirty pounds heavier. I doubt that we'd ever meet in the ring; still, if we did, he'd know he hadn't been to any Boy Scout picnic."

The experts who have seen Kowalski (Stan) at work, predict that he will reach his peak in a few years. Wrestling with a master like Mills will give him the experience he needs to reach the heights. He has already proved, by taking nine years of punishment, broken bones and torn ligaments, with little pay, that he has the courage and fortitude to go all the way. His treatment of Verne Gagne and other top stars show that he also has the skill. What, then, does he need?

"Time," laughs Stan Kowalski, "just time—and not too much of it, either. Back in the late forties, when Gagne was world champion and I was getting my tail busted by Sandor Szabo in the gym, I said to myself, 'Someday I'm going to take Gagne's title belt away from him.' Well, by the time I got to Verne, he didn't have the belt anymore. It doesn't matter—someday I'll meet the guy who has it. When I do, I'll prove I didn't wait ten years for nothing!"

Odds, anyone?

in the frightening union of the giants—

INCORPORATED

Left: Princess Tona Tomah (in white suit) goes flying through the air after Penny Banner breaks her reverse headlock. Despite this early setback, Tona went on to win.

Right: With a literally hair-raising kick, Tona whacks Penny hard on the chin. The Indian maiden uses her feet in style similar to the great Antonino Rocca.

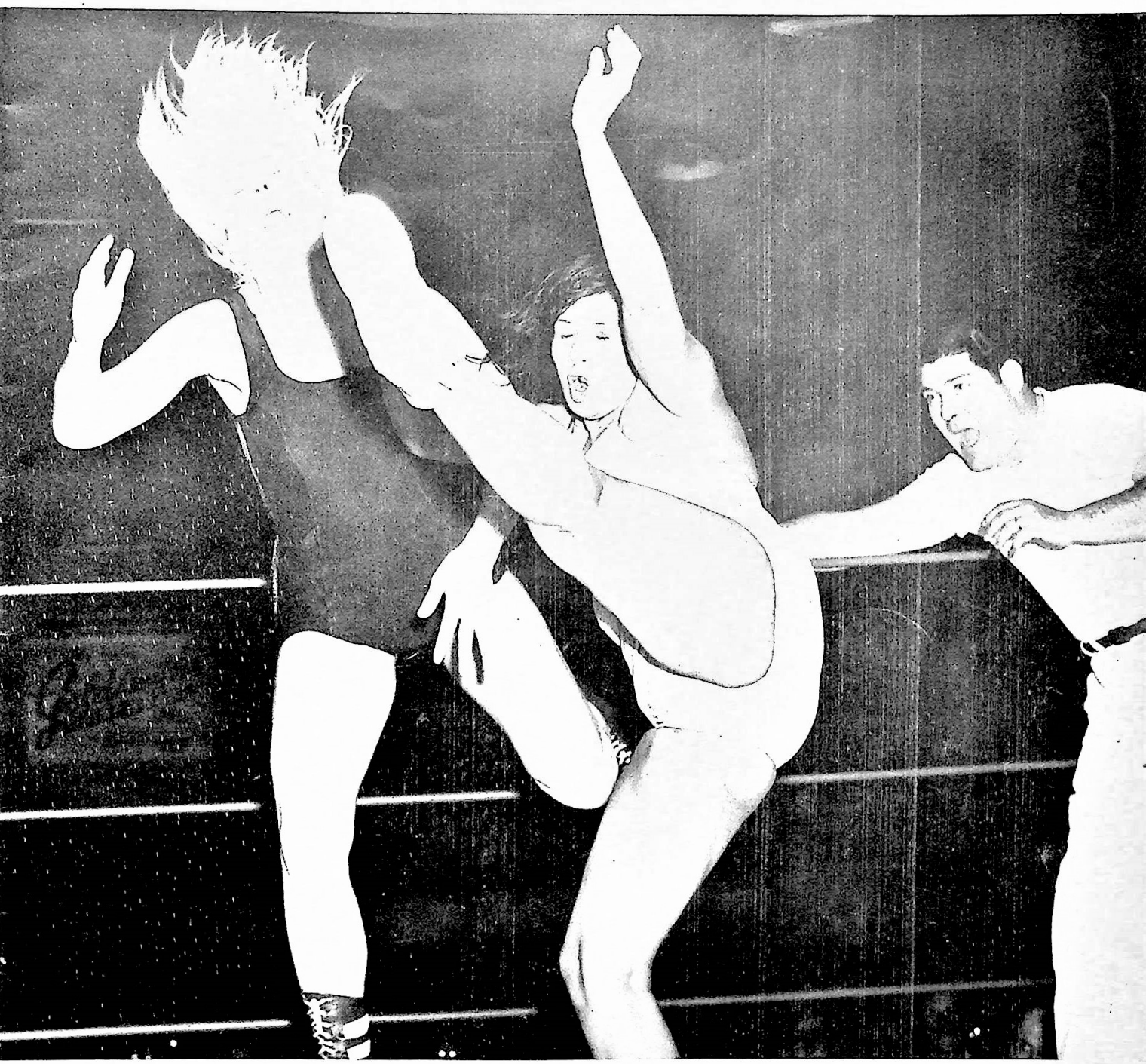
Think of it! A Girl Indian – A Girl Indian Wrestler shaped like Marilyn Monroe and just as wild as her ferocious ancestors.

NOBODY, BUT NOBODY, FOOLS AROUND WITH PRINCESS TO

We might as well give the country back to the Indians!

On second thought, they've already started to take it back! At least one of them has, and from here it looks as though she might be able to do it single-handed. Her name is Princess Tona Tomah and she's taking the country by storm.

When a publicity release begins like the above, we usually read the rest of it in hopes that we'll pick up a lead on an exciting wrestling personality instead of just



NA TOMAH!

BY GEORGE FARLEY

another wrestler. In this instance it was the "she" that caught our eye. A *girl* Indian? A girl *Indian* wrestler? We read on. Then, our curiosity heightened. We dug deeper. We went to see Billy Wolfe in Columbus, Ohio. Wolfe, as you probably know, is the great mastermind behind the girl wrestling business, and has been ever since he started the whole thing about 30 years ago. We asked Billy to fill us in on this beautiful Indian babe who is tomahawking her way into the scalps of the nation.

Wolfe grinned like a satisfied cat. "She's the real thing," he said, "a hundred per cent Chippewa. Twenty-two years old and shaped like a wigwam—if you can imagine a wigwam shaped like Marilyn Monroe—and good lord how she can wrestle. And I don't mean Indian wrestle, either!"

Billy, who is the fastest check picker-upper in the world, quickly ordered two plane tickets to Minneapolis. "We can catch her in action tonight, if we hurry," Wolfe said as he pulled on his jacket (red stripes on a brown background). *(continued on next page)*

Kathy Starr (left) grimaces in pain as Tona lands solid right hand uppercut to chin. The princess is a fierce squaw who loves nothing better than massacring paleface opponents.

We went together. We saw. She conquered. In fact, she took us with even greater ease than she takes the paleface maidens they throw into the ring with her. The reasons for the great inroads made by this tempestuous tantalizer on the emotions of us and the rest of wrestling fandom are these:

Princess Tona Tomah is classically shaped, like those tall, leggy statues of Diana the Huntress, in Greek mythology. Only Tona is no myth—she's all genuine firm flesh, fashioned like something out of an over-sexed sculptor's dream.

She has midnight-black eyes that, seen in the ring, flash heat lightning from ringpost to ringpost, searing the air and burning fear into any dame silly enough to venture into the ring with her; eyes that, seen across a dinner table, seem to hold a depth of warm promise and a subdued boldness that keeps you on the edge of your seat.

Tona is wrestling through the mid-west at the moment, but she'll be invading the East soon, and when she lands on the island of Manhattan don't be surprised if she tries to reverse that $24 judgment! In her Minneapolis hotel suite, where we interviewed her, the Princess had something to say about most everything, including Custer's Last Stand.

"We Indians have always got a rough deal from you settlers," gritted Tona. She said it as though she were trying to swing the latest peace treaty. "As a full-blooded Chippewa, maybe I'm subconsciously trying to get even."

We said, "You mean you're going to try to lick us all —one at a time?" And as the Princess rose to her feet, we added hastily, "—Not that you couldn't do it, probably! But—well, isn't that carrying a grudge a little too far?"

Tona was clad in a shiny robe that was covered with an Indian design and rustled sexily when she moved. And that's not all. She suddenly smiled, spreading her arms wide and staring at the ceiling. "But I don't have a grudge against you Whites!" she said sincerely, "I love you all!" The princess took a step toward us and we cringed, certain that, despite her friendly words, we were about to be a party to the last Indian massacre. We could see the headlines, *"Princess hurls editor from ninth story window, successfully pleads self defense."*

Tomah the Princess hurled herself onto the chaise lounge beside us and sat there thinking deeply. Probably, we thought, about building a new reservation for the Chippewas. She said, "Why did you have to get here so early? How about breakfast?"

It was two in the afternoon. We said we'd already had lunch. The Princess said into the phone, "Breakfast for two, please. What? Let's not quibble—just send up whatever you've got!"

As we ate breakfast, we continued the interview. How long, we asked, had she been wrestling?

"Two years. I was only a papoose when I started. But I had good instructors. Buddy Rogers had a hand in my training, so did Billy Wolfe. Billy has a reputation for not letting any of his girls get into the ring unless she's good enough to get in with the very best. It seemed to work with me because I wrestled the top headliners from the beginning."

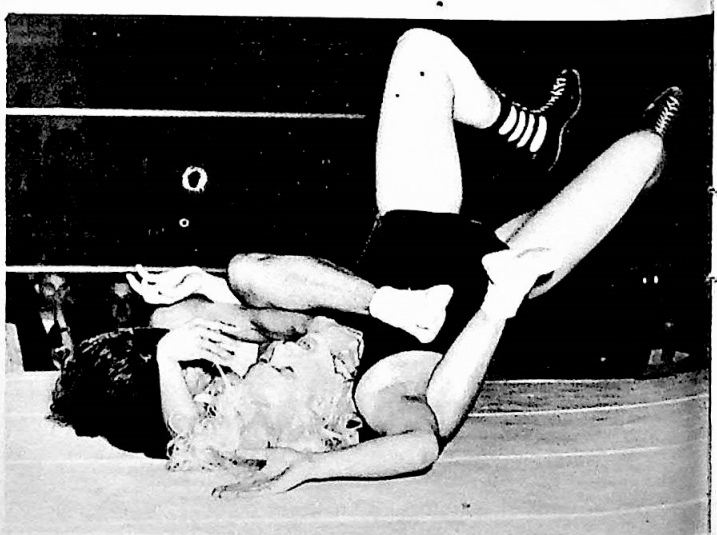
"How have you done?"

Tona blushed prettily. "Well, I've lost only four matches in the two years. They tell me that's pretty good."

We told her it was fabulous.

"As a matter of fact, that's what they said."

We turned the conversation to other matters. It developed that Tona doesn't capitalize on her Indian name and background just because she happens to have them. She works at being an Indian because she's proud of it.



Blond Penny Banner squirms as Tona applies her torturous body scissors. Penny's best efforts weren't enough to break the merciless hold and she grudgingly had to submit.

Tona, with amazing agility, spins out of leg lock applied by Mae Weston. Note Mae's surprised look at Tona's recovery.

She has made herself proficient at the Chippewa tongue and has learned all tribal dances and ceremonies thoroughly.

Could she demonstrate a typical Indian dance for us? Just a few steps would be enough.

Tona swaying voluptuously as she worked herself into the mood, said softly, "This is a dance we do on the White Earth Reservation at Naytahwaush, not too far from here. That's where I was born."

Now I'm not saying that this performance of Tona's was any Dance of the Seven Veils, or that Billy Rose would have signed her to a contract on sight. But in the confines of that hotel room, Tona Tomah, Indian princess, was a mighty impressive sight. Our limited experience in such things tells us that, if Tona wanted to quit wrestling, she could get a highly paying job in a night club any time.

Would she?

"Why should I?" The dance gradually quieted to a slow shuffle, and then she sat beside us again, breathing a little faster. So were we, for that matter, and we hadn't even left our seat! "Wrestling is good to me. I couldn't make as much money doing anything else, and I couldn't possibly meet such interesting people. Not only that, this business keeps me healthy. Night club work makes you old quickly, and all that smoke would give me TB or something! No—I'll stick to what I'm doing."

This is the nicest thing that could happen for wrestling fans all over the country. Of course, some of them might also be night club fans, and maybe they might enjoy Tona Tomah even more under those more intimate circumstances. But one thing sure, they would not get more for their money.

Tona Tomah, Indian princess, really gives out. She puts a little "extra" into everything she does. It's this extra something that spells the difference between mediocrity and stardom, whether in the field of wrestling, movies, Broadway or poker. When we finally left Tona's hotel room, we knew that our trip to Minneapolis had been worth the time and effort.

And by the way, all during this interview, Billy Wolfe was sitting at the other end of that chaise lounge. As he says, "I protect my girls from everything bad." You might say he had the Indian sign on me all the time. *end*

TITO CARREON
Wrestler with a complex

Handsome Tito manages to control his temper even under the most trying conditions. But probe at his one tender spot and you'll have a clawing tiger at your throat.

BY AD ORLANDO

"YOU," SAID THE 260-POUND villain, "are a lousy mama's boy!"

The young man he spoke to turned red beneath his dark Caribbean sun tan. In the dressing room, the other wrestlers stopped to listen. One of them, Skull Murphy, tells what happened next.

"Tito just looked at this guy for a minute," said Skull, "then he got real close to him and muttered, 'When we get in the ring tonight, say that again. But think it over, first.' " Murphy, one of wrestling's toughest roughnecks himself, shakes his head admiringly at the recollection. "Well, I guess the wise guy called Tito a mama's boy when they got into the ring later on, because that Puerto Rican damn near killed him. I've never seen him so mad. It was one of the few times that any audience has ever felt sorry for the villain! They took the poor guy to the Memorial Hospital in San Antonio, next day, and he stayed there a whole week. Internal injuries!"

When WRESTLING REVUE finally interviewed Tito Carreon in New York recently, after missing him in Dallas, Montreal and L. A., we asked him about that wild night in San Antonio. "Why did you get so hot about being called a mama's boy? Surely, you must have been called worse things in your 26 years of life.

Tito's handsome Latin face, smiling until that moment, grew suddenly serious. "Sure I have," he admitted, and named a few things he had been called, all of them pretty bad. "But it was the viciousness behind it that made me so mad. That guy knew I'm very fond of my mother — he knows how proud she is of me — and he was just being mean and miserable about it."

Carreon's attitude toward his mother approaches nobility. He remembers that when, as a lad in Puerto Rico, she was the only one who had faith in his ability to raise himself above the environment he'd been born to. Tito never forgot it when things got good. They've been good for several years, now — since young Tito proved that he was good enough for big time rings around the world. But it took him a while to prove it.

He couldn't prove it in Puerto Rico where, in 1934, he augmented the population of San Juan by one. The main thing Tito proved there was that he had more courage than the average boy of 12 — or any other age. One way he did it was by saving a young cousin from a school of barracuda, the evil "tigers of the sea." Of course, he nearly drowned his cousin, but everything turned out all right.

Tito and a half dozen other boys and girls were swimming in San Juan harbor one day, waiting for the luxurious cruise ships to arrive from the States. It was Tito's idea that they should dive for coins tossed over the ships' railing. He had got the idea from a magazine. While they swam around in the blue water, a nearby fisherman suddenly became frantic, pointing into the water and yelling to the kids.

"Barracuda," he shouted, "—come to the boat at once!"

The children swam toward the fishing dory. They all made it except Tito and his little cousin, Nina, a wiry girl of eleven. Nina was too far away from the boat, and Tito swam back to help her. The barracuda school was between them and the boat. The other children began screaming fearfully.

Tito didn't waste time. Reaching Nina, he ordered her to gulp a lungful of air. Then he pulled her under the water. The fisherman crossed himself. "It is murder and suicide," he said, "—the boy is insane."

But the water did not turn red. Instead, a moment later, Tito appeared closer to the boat, and the barracudas had disappeared beyond him and Nina, whom Tito was towing by the hair. He had swum *under* the fish! After they'd got Nina pumped out and breathing again, Tito grinned, "I read that barracuda only attack men when they move on the surface. By swimming down on their level, you bluff them!"

We can't help but wonder how many people would have the guts to dive down amongst a school of hungry barracuda to prove this theory!

It proves a lot of other things; namely, that Tito Carreon not only has guts, but is willing to gamble when necessary, will stick to a fight till it's finished, and likes girls — cousins or otherwise. All of these qualities are what make up the Tito Carreon of today.

Not long after the barracuda incident, Tito's family moved to the States. "I liked California," recalls Tito, and I still do. I went to school there — majored in art." It was obvious he wanted to talk about it, because his eyes lit up with the flashing light usually reserved for some special *señorita*. We egged him on.

"I want to be a cartoonist," said Tito, glowingly. "I don't think I have the talent to become a really great painter, but cartooning — yes, I think I have the talent."

Would he quit wrestling to become a cartoonist? "No, not for ten years or so. There's more money in wrestling, and why should I quit a good living for one that may not be so good at first. By studying while I wrestle — and by saving money — I'll only be 35 or so when I start my art career, and I won't have to struggle like most artists do in the beginning."

It makes sense. Anyway, most people who know him think Tito has already struggled enough. It wasn't easy to get into big time wrestling. It never is, even when you're a 250 pound giant of six-six.

Tito was only 190 pounds and stood barely six feet. But he was an excellent all-around sportsman who had built his muscles up with weights. Also, as is the case with most smaller men who have extraordinary strength, he had extra-powerful tendons, which don't show but are vital when it comes to lifting weights or heaving 250-pounders around a wrestling mat. (Tito has gained 25 pounds, now weighs 215.)

That's why, when Tito, on vacation from school, visited Miami, he was spotted by one of the most canny spotters of them all, ex-wrestling great and now promoter, Cowboy Luttrell. A bunch of unusually well-built young men were practicing wrestling holds on a tarpaulin spread on the beach. With a dozen others, Tito stopped to watch. "I could feel the eargerness inside me," recalled Tito, "— I wanted to get in there with them."

His eagerness was noted by an elderly but still muscular Floridian who, the records say, once had the honor of being knocked out by Jack Dempsey. "Take a try, son," Luttrell said, "— see what you can do with Siki, here." He indicated a massively built Negro youth who smiled hugely and extended his hand to Carreon. Tito reached out to shake hands. The next instant he found himself flying through the air to land hard on the canvas. The young man who was to become the famous Sweet Daddy Siki laughed uproariously. When Tito grinned sheepishly, the other shook his hand. "You'll do okay, man!" They have been friends ever since. And they've both done okay.

Since those early days, Tito Carreon has formed some strong opinions. "I was never a competing amateur wrestler," he says, "but I think that a long apprenticeship in the amateurs gives a professional plenty of scientific experience. When he combines this with the kind of showmanship you have to have as a pro, he's automatically assured of success. Provided he has the courage and persistence to go with it." Tito says this in a charming Latin accent that makes his female fans wish wrestling night came seven times a week. "Since I didn't go into the amateurs, Cowboy Luttrell gave me an extra long training period before he figured I was ready for the pros."

Another strong opinion: "The two men I respect most in this business — as wrestlers — are Eddie Graham and Buddy Rogers. Both of them nearly annihilated me when I met them. Eddie, especially, gets a salute from me because he's just about my size, and any of the smaller guys who give me a real battle —" Tito hesitated modestly, and blushed.

"You mean," the reporter asked, "that he'd have to be good."

Tito nodded thankfully. "I guess so. I'm not saying I'm the world's best, but I do all right."

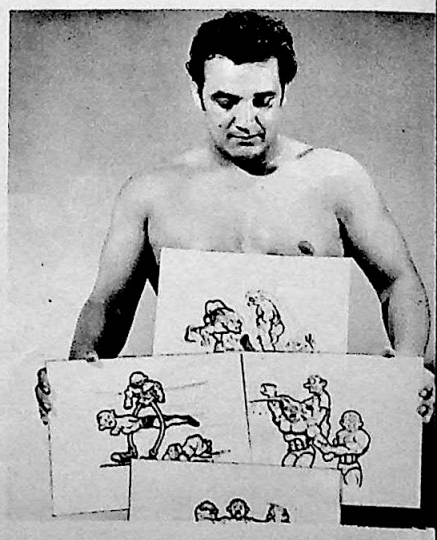
He sure does. He has taken on some of the world's most feared wrestlers, and in the half dozen years since he turned pro, has built the kind of reputation that lasts. "I'd like to be half of a tag team, with a partner of the calibre of Don Curtis. While Mark Lewin was in the army, I thought about teaming up with Don, but we never could get together. Now, of course, he's back with Lewin."

It was learned that his main reason for wanting to team up is so that he could wreck the Fabulous Kangaroos. "They're the most egotistic, maniacal pair that ever stepped in a ring, and it's time somebody took them apart. The Bastiens did all right at this, but they were easy, too. gentle. The Kangaroos have to be taught a lesson!"

He is adamant on this subject because, as he says, he has been caught in several riots fomented by wrestlers like the Kangaroos. "More than once," he says, "I've caught chairs — on the head — intended for some wise guy who'd just finished wrestling as I entered the ring. Once a bottle bounced off my head and Al Costello, one of the Kangaroos, laughed and laughed. 'Thanks, Matey,' he said, 'that was meant for me.' That man has no heart!"

Tito has, and it's a big heart. He proved it throughout our interview and when he ended it. "I once told my mother, when we were still living in a shack in Puerto Rico, that I'd buy her a house someday — a great big house that would make her tired if she tried to walk through it all in one day." He smiled. "Well, I'm about ready to buy that house. Maybe not as big as the one I thought about when I was a boy — but big enough."

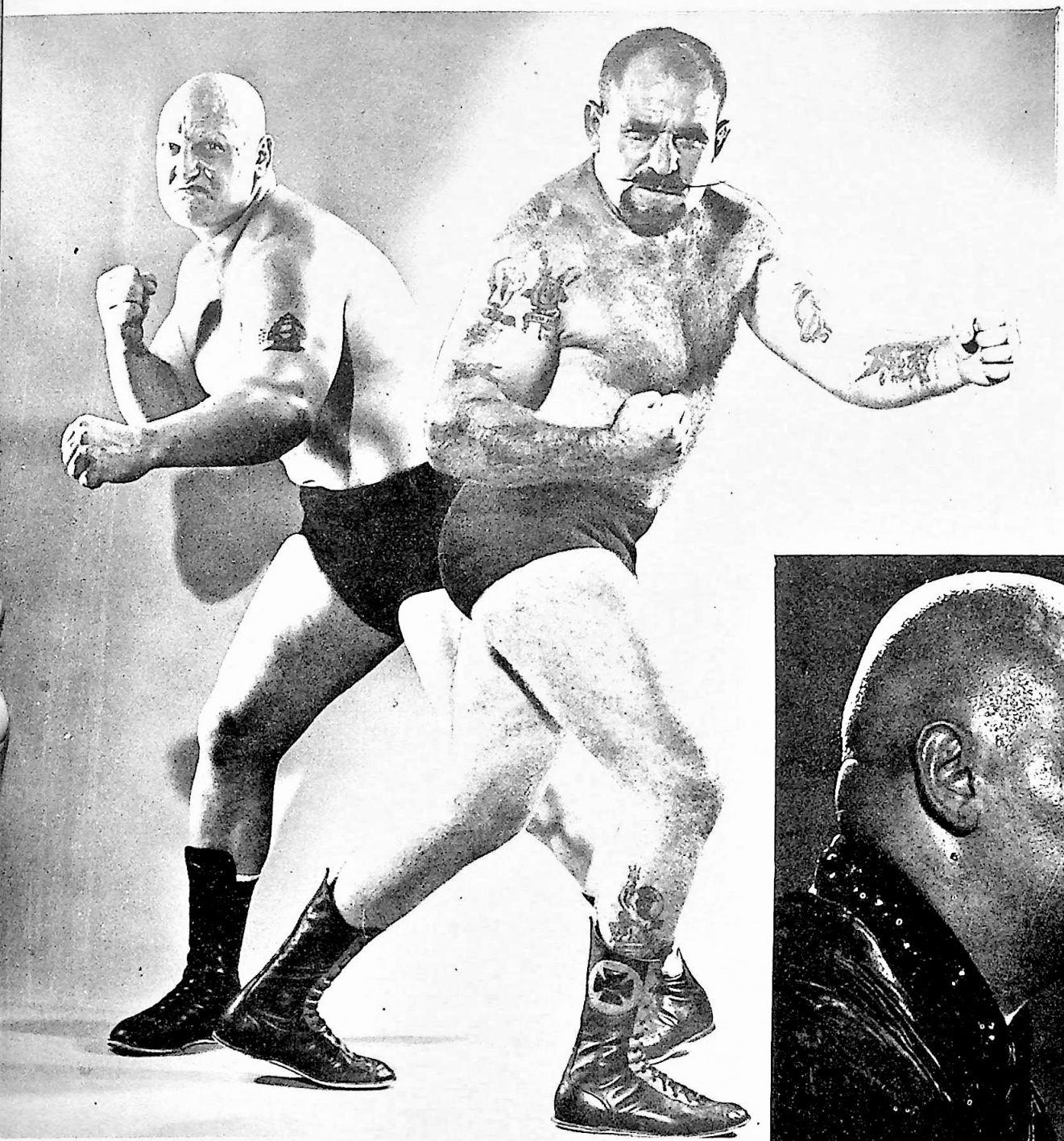
Tito Carreon is a mama's boy. It's how you say it that counts. The way we say it, we mean he's a really great guy.



An artist in the ring as well as out, Tito Carreon displays four of his humorous cartoons. The talented wrestler will have little difficulty "drawing" a lucrative salary when he decides to quit the ring.

The

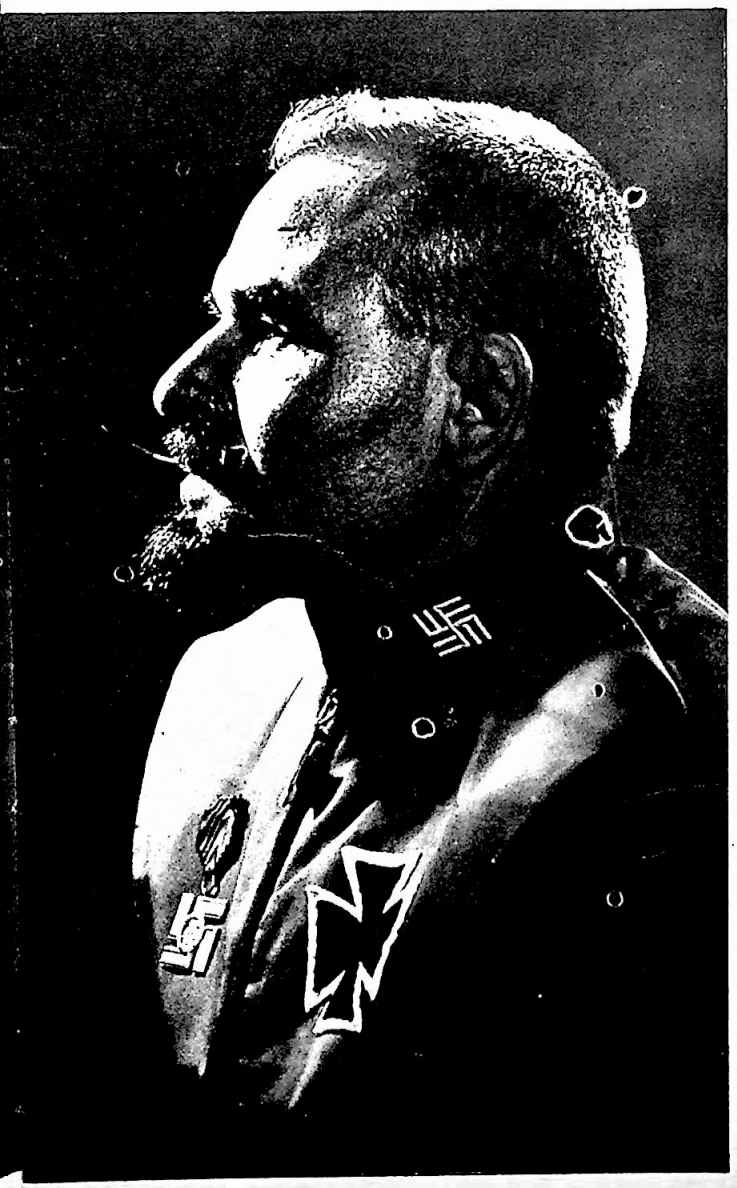
SK



Skull Murphy (left) and tag team partner, Karl Von Hess, are two of the most feared and hated villains in wrestling history.

Wild, maniacal hatred burning in his eyes, Murphy poses for dramatic portrait with Von Hess.

Unholy Alliance Between KARL VON HESS and ULL MURPHY



IN POLITICS it's Krushchev and Castro. In hell it's Hitler and Mussolini. And in wrestling it's Skull Murphy and Karl Von Hess.

That's right — the most horrifying thing that could happen, from the standpoint of all decent, sportsmenlike, clean-living wrestlers, *has* happened. Murphy, the hairless, soul-less monster from Ireland, and Karl Von Hess, one of Hitler's hated hellions, have teamed up to form a 500-pound package of pure hell. Or, as Von Hess would scream in his gutteral German, *"Der tag!"* Der tag team, that is.

This frightful development began one day last July. After a hair-raising match (Murphy pulled his opponent's hair out by the roots), the Skull left Washington's Capitol Arena, followed by a scare of vengeful fans. He almost made it to his car, but three or four of the bigger men in the crowd bulled him around a bit. Things began to look sticky for Murphy.

Across the street, Karl Von Hess, having finished his match earlier, was enjoying a stein of schnaaps. He looked through the saloon window and saw his fellow heel, Murphy, in trouble. Muttering, *"Himmel—das schweins!"* the Teutonic tiger lurched out and joined the embattled Skull. Then took place a historic battle. Eight more bruisers joined the original three and, figuring that the two wrestlers were outnumbered, closed in. It was two against eleven and the rest of the crowd settled back to watch the two most hated wrestlers in the land get flattened.

But it didn't happen. Fighting back to back — and almost looking noble — the two physically perfect matmen stood off their tormentors with the same skill and strength that has made them world-famous in the ring. First one of the attackers went down and crawled away; then he was joined by another. When three of them had been tossed for a painful loss, the others decided that this two-man line was one they shouldn't tackle. As quickly as it began, the minor riot ended.

But something else was about to begin. Breathing a little hard, Murphy and Von Hess regarded one another fondly. Murphy said, "Karl, wouldn't it be great if we could do this in the ring — together?" And Von Hess replied, "Arrghkkzt!"

They returned to the saloon and there, an hour later, shook hands over glasses of wood alcohol. A new tag team was born — and fair play in wrestling died; at least, it did wherever *those* two have since appeared.

They have appeared often enough, now, to serve notice on heroic type wrestlers and decent fans that a new era has dawned — the era of Murphy and Von Hess.

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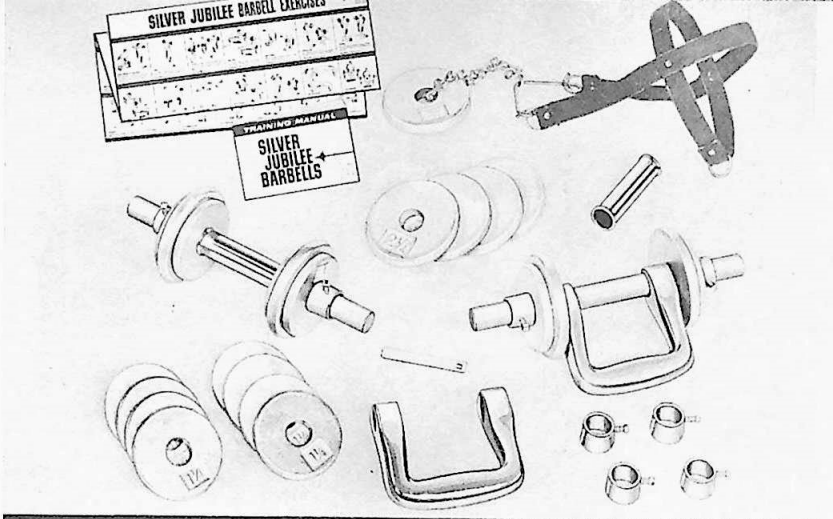

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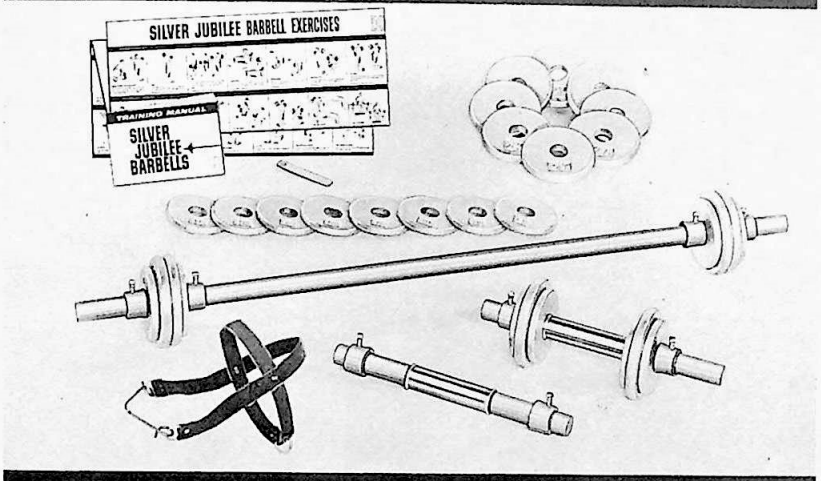

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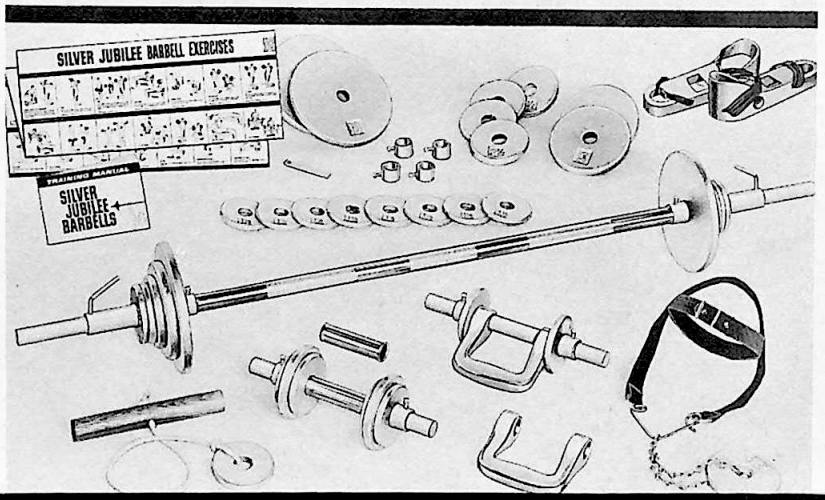

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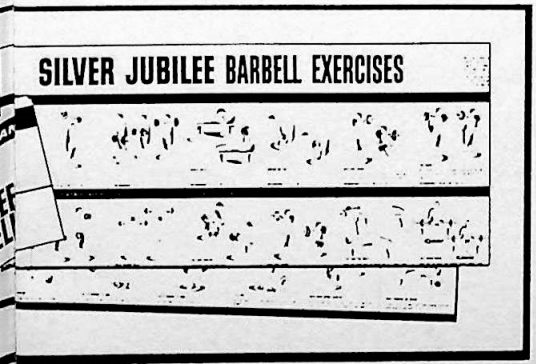

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THE BEST SURGEON in Texas looked at the second best surgeon in Texas and shook his head. "He may walk again, if he's lucky," said the doctor, "— but he'll never wrestle again."

They both looked down at the young man who lay on the operating table in a Houston hospital. The man's physique was Herculean, with muscles that looked hard and powerful even in repose. The face, usually wreathed in smiles, was sober, almost somber.

"What's the matter, Doc — didn't the operation go right?" the voice was thin, worried.

The doctor tried to be cheerful, but failed. "The operation was successful — but, after all, the human body can take only so much punishment. Your knee was wrenched so badly that we had to cut out some torn cartilage. And a knee just can't function properly without cartilage; it won't stand the pressure. You'll be able to walk alright, but you'll never pick up a 250-pound wrestler again." The doctor looked serious now. "I'm sorry, Pepper — your wrestling career is over."

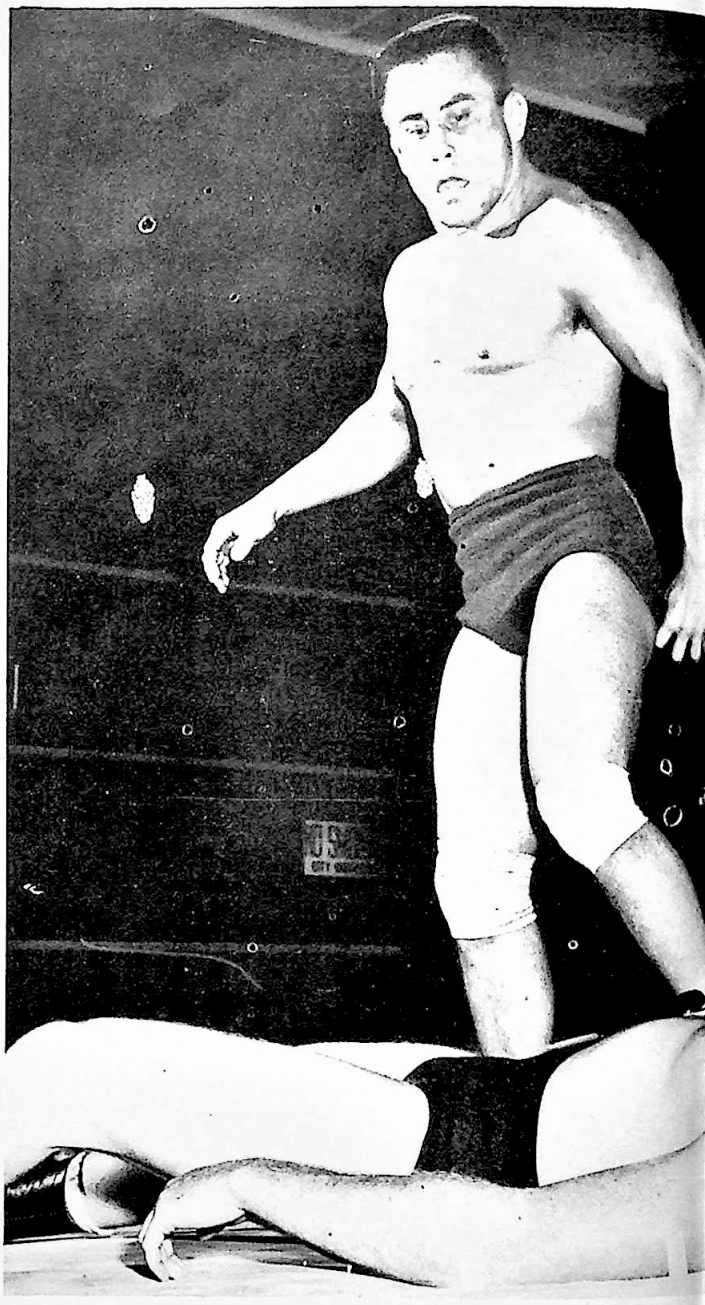
The young man compressed his lips tightly. "Doc," he said, I'm going to make you eat those words. In six weeks I'm going to throw El Medico right out of the Coliseum ring!" The men in white nodded sadly. This fellow was game alright, but what he suggested was physically impossible.

As the doctors left the room, they felt as though they had brought down the curtain on another brilliant sports career — for the grievously injured young man on that operating table was 26-year-old Pepper Gomez, one of America's fastest-rising wrestlers. Or *had* been, until one night, one week earlier, when he had injured his left knee in a furious bout with Buddy Rogers. Texas champion Gomez rested for seven days — the doctors had advised three months — and then he was back in the ring again, this time against big, villainous El Medico.

Pepper, all 210-pounds of him, collapsed after about ten minutes, an agonizing surge of pain wracking his entire body. "Now I've really done it," he muttered through clenched teeth, "— I'll be laid up for at least another week."

So they carted him off to the hospital, the cheers of the big Houston Coliseum crowd still ringing in his ears. One of the most beloved wrestlers in Texas history, Pepper carried the good wishes of all the fans with him to the hospital. There he was operated on — and there he received the bad news that his wrestling career had ended before it had reached its apex.

But the doctors failed to consider the courage, determination, and incredible recuperative powers of Gomez, a California wrestler who had fallen in love with Texas to the extent of moving bag and baggage, wife and children to Houston, there to settle and become as Texan as the Panhandle. It was partly his enormous courage that endeared Pepper to tough Texas fans; being a partisan group, they approve of wrestlers, fighters and other athletes who show the kind of ruggedness that they themselves have displayed for more than 100 years. Pepper Gomez fit Texas the way a good saddle fits a cow pony's back.



No wrestler has been plagued

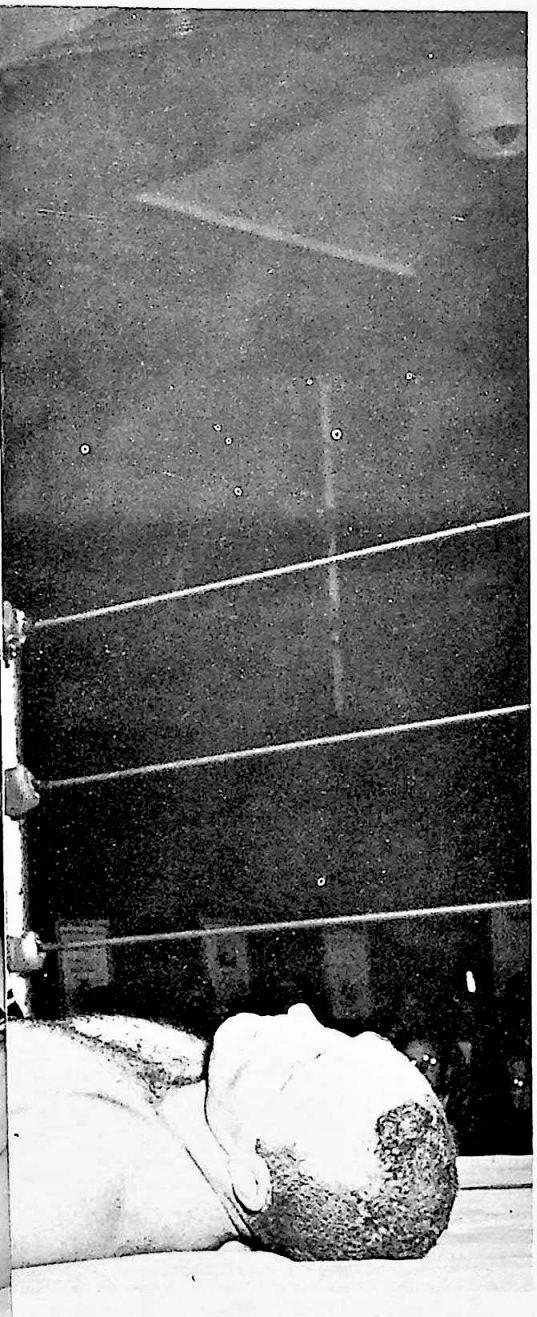
Six weeks passed. At the end of that time, the best surgeon in Texas phoned the second best surgeon and said, "A medical miracle has occurred. Meet me at the Coliseum tonight at 8:30!"

What the two doctors saw — along with 10,000 other eager people — has since become a kind of legend around Houston, like the story of Pecos Pete. They saw a somewhat drawn and haggard Pepper, fire in his eyes, climb into the ring, both knees encased in bandages so they wouldn't buckle under him. They saw him treat the diabolical El Medico to the worst thrashing of his miserable life, climaxing the affair by hoisting him onto his shoulders and — wonder of wonders! — hurling him up and over the ropes and out of the ring!

"And I," said the great surgeon, "told him he'd never even be able to lift his little daughter again!"

BY MICHAEL A. GLICK

PEPPER GOMEZ' ROCKY ROAD TO FAME



In sharp contrast to recent picture at right, Pepper, as young warrior, was much leaner. Even in early years he was plagued by bad knees, but this never stopped him. Here Pepper wins 1956 bout with Red Donovan in Seattle.

with so much hard luck – or battled so hard to succeed

That night, after a triumphant march from the Coliseum and a hero's ride home to the attractive house he owns in one of Houston's finest residential districts, Gomez was greeted tearfully but joyfully by wife Eleanor, and his daughters, Debbie and Janet. With one arm he scooped up Eleanor and kissed the bejabbers out of her. With the other arm he hoisted both girls on high, squealing with delight.

It would have made the best and second best surgeon in Texas happy had they seen that happy homecoming.

"It made me happy," says Pepper Gomez four years later (now there are two more girls to lift, by the way). "It meant I could continue the only job I knew well — and only one I could make a good living at, which amounts to the same thing, I guess."

Although not generally known, it's a fact that the young ex-body builder originally injured his left knee — along with the other as well — six years ago. It was during his very first professional match. Although Pepper's wrestling debut evoked loud approval from the crowd, he was all but crippled at the end of the bout and forced to lay off for the next six months. During this time, Pepper worked as circulation manager for a Los Angeles newspaper — thereby proving that he can do something besides wrestle.

But wrestling was what he wanted to do ever since the day in 1949 when he placed high in the "Mr. America" physique contest. A body-builder since teenhood, Pepper wanted to make use of his muscles instead of letting them turn to fat, as many physique winners often do.

"Actually," says Pepper, "I wasn't just a body builder. Those guys don't have as much strength as you'd think. They use heavy dumbbells—maybe fifty or sixty pounders,

which makes their muscles puff up. Put one of those guys up against a wrestler and they fall apart. I did a lot of weight lifting too, knowing I'd need real strength if I was to become a wrestler. What I lacked in size — I'm only 5-10 — I would have to make up with body power."

It was about this time that two prominent men in wrestling came into the life of Pepper Gomez. The first was Ed Strangler Lewis, the immortal ex-champion who has made top-notch wrestlers out of so many youngsters.

"It was funny when Ed took his first look at me," Pepper recalled. "He raised an eyebrow and sort of snorted. I was doing some gymnastics at the Los Angeles A.C. when Lewis came up to me and asked what I intended to use my muscles for. He said he never saw the body builder yet who ever amounted to anything (this was before Mr. America Steve Reeves went on to win fame as a movie Hercules).

"I told Lewis that I wanted to be a wrestler. He just laughed in my face. He motioned to a husky guy who was doing knee-bends in a corner of the gym and said, 'see what this kid can do.'

"Within thirty seconds," Gomez continued, "I picked the guy up and heaved him right into Ed Lewis' lap. The old man stared at me for a few seconds, then he nodded and said okay, I could start working out at once, if I was really serious about becoming a wrestler."

Unfortunately, due to some unforeseen circumstances, Pepper's entry into professional wrestling was forestalled for a time. When his problems were finally settled, Gomez met another luminary of the wrestling world, Billy Sandow. Billy took the same long look at Pepper's magnificent body that Ed Lewis had taken. "Turn professional," he said. "Now."

Gomez took Sandow's advice, started to learn the basic fundamentals and stepped up his physical training to build his weight and strength.

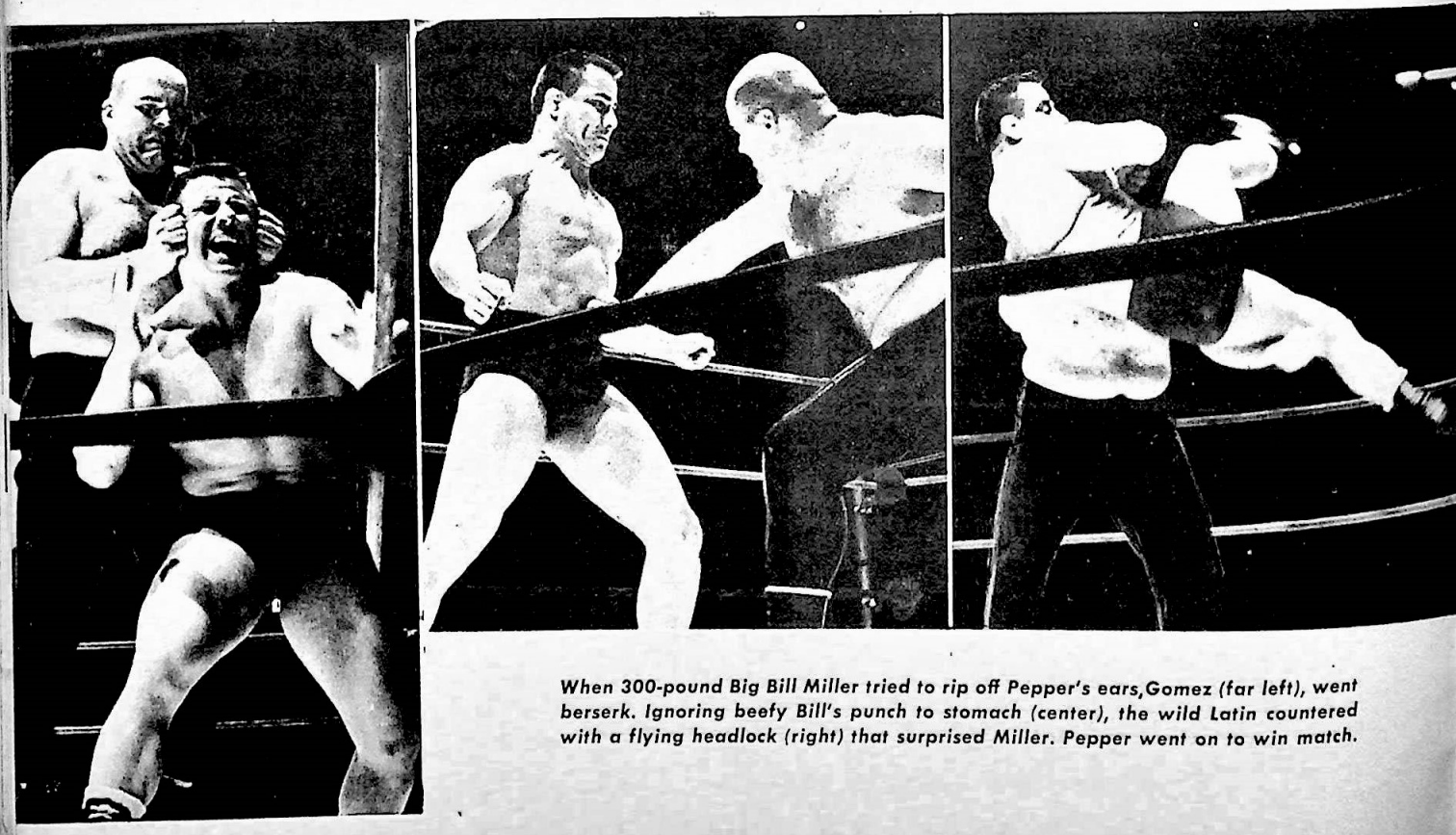
1953 came along, and so did Miguel "Blackie" Guzman, a well known wrestler who was forced to retire from the ring because of a crippling injury suffered during a bout in Houston, Texas. It was Guzman who actually developed Pepper into the fine wrestler he is today. Since both are of Latin extraction, they got along well together. And, probably, Guzman saw in young Pepper something of himself. "I felt," said Blackie, "that if I couldn't continue my own career, Pepper was the boy I'd like to have take my place."

Nobody could have filled Guzman's shoes better. In the seven years since the day Pepper took on his first opponent — only to be short-stopped for six long months, he has come a long way, both geographically, financially and in the esteem of the fans. Texas champ for a whole year, Pepper realized that Texans were "his kind of people." He rushed home to California, after a successful tour of the Lone Star state, seized wife Eleanor and the two kids, and moved to the Great Plains.

Since his historic comeback in 1956, his legs have stood up well and so has the appeal of Pepper Gomez, who is one of the few wrestlers who can travel from the Pacific to the Atlantic coasts via the southern route and be sure that somebody in each region along the way will recognize him and pat him on the back. In the national competition, he is among the top ten wrestlers in the U.S.

When you consider what Pepper Gomez has had to contend with and overcome to achieve this enviable position in life at 30, you can only say: "Pepper is one of the hottest things in wrestling — and nobody deserves it more."

Or, say anything you like about Pepper Gomez. If it's good, he'll deserve it. • *end*



When 300-pound Big Bill Miller tried to rip off Pepper's ears, Gomez (far left), went berserk. Ignoring beefy Bill's punch to stomach (center), the wild Latin countered with a flying headlock (right) that surprised Miller. Pepper went on to win match.

CLOSE-UP OF A FABULOUS TEAM

THE KANGAROOS

Something wonderful has happened in the wonderful world of wrestling. A pair of genuine Australians have won the Australian tag team championship. This is significant because it has never happened before—not in the quarter century or so since this type of competition was first introduced to the world by, of all places, Australia.

The championship team calls itself the Fabulous Kangaroos, but to friends and neighbors they are Al Costello and Roy Heffernan, a couple of formidable looking 230-pounders who habitually throw boomerangs at the crowd, their fellow wrestlers out of the ring, and their audiences into king-size tizzys. That is to say, they are setting the wrestling world on its collective ear.

It all started about three years ago when Costello and Heffernan were unacquainted and unknown. Meeting under somewhat dramatic circumstances—on an Australian hunting expedition during which Heffernan saved Costello's life—the two realized they had a lot in common. Both liked hunting, traveling, wrestling and money, not necessarily in that order. This, they agreed, was all they needed to become a top-flight wrestling tag team—plus, of course, their ability to wrestle.

They had the ability, all right. Each was already a star in his own right, having met the best throughout the Eastern Hemisphere. Despite being of different temperaments, they found themselves able to get along—the talkative, extroverted, jovial Costello complemented the brooking silence of the saturnine Heffernan.

In a short time (in the life of a wrestler, three years is a short time), the big men from Down Under have risen to the very top of their profession. Nice guys outside the ring, the Fabulous Kangaroos are devilish at work, arousing a seething hatred in both their opponents and the fans. Since they are paid to be hated, they make sure they're well paid—something over $100,000 a year—and this takes a lot of hate—even for the Fabulous Kangaroos!

Please turn the page

UNITED STATES
TAG TEAM
CHAMPIONS
UNITED STATES
TAG TEAM
CHAMPIONS

AL COSTELLO

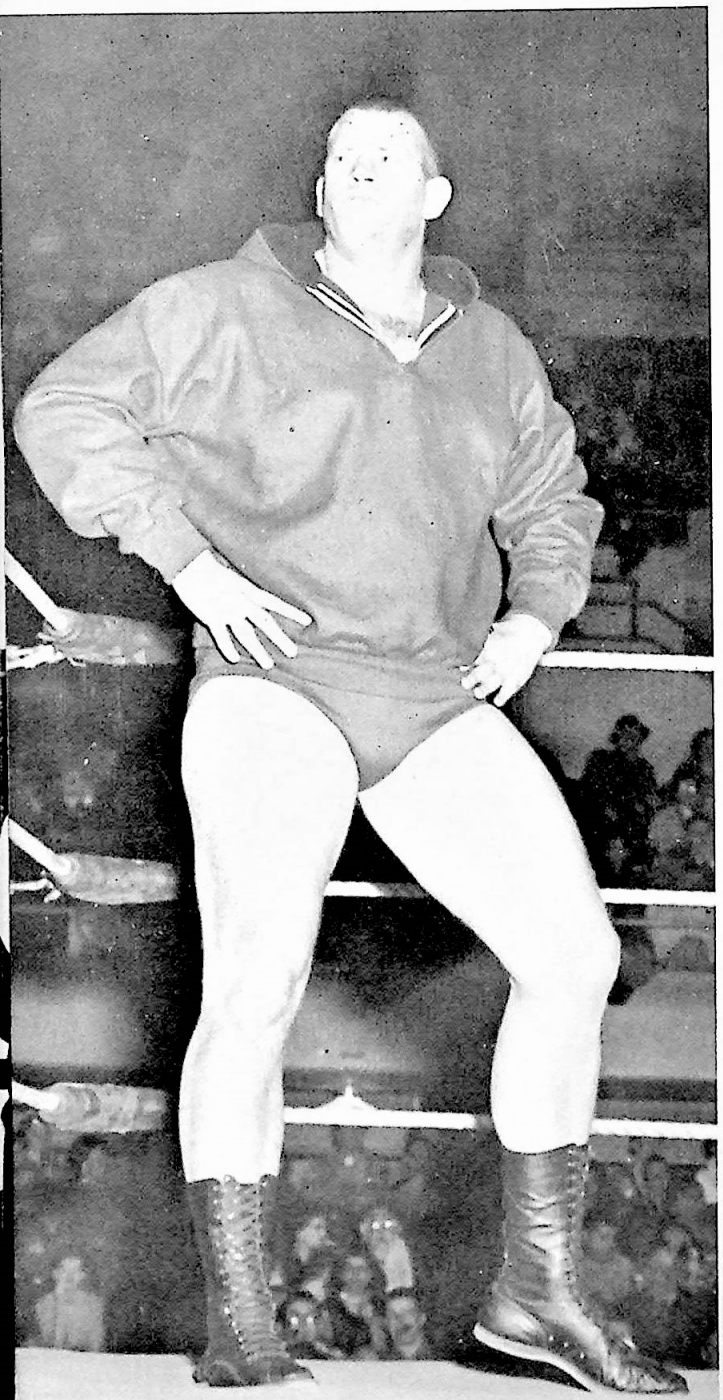
ROY HEFFERNAN

THE FABULOUS KANGAROOS

WRESTLING REVUE'S PIN UP SERIES / NUMBER 1

FRITZ

Some men wrestle for the glory, for the fun of it, for the money. But 260-pound Fritz has an entirely different reason – a reason that has frightened some of his victims half to death.



With his usual arrogance, Von Erich scowls back at crowd which keeps up constant barrage of cat-calls.

NAZI GERMANY WAS ON ITS LAST LEGS. Before long, the Russian and American flags would fly over Berlin and a guy named Hitler would make an ash of himself. Meanwhile, however, discipline for both soldiers and civilians was hard. One day, between air raids, a battalion of infantry passed by an almost deserted playground. Several boys were lifting weights, oblivious to the carnage going on about them. One of the lads caught the stern Prussian officer's eye. He halted his unit.

"You — the big one — come here!" he shouted.

The "big one" walked over slowly. There was no fear in his eyes at being singled out for special attention — usually a bad thing to happen in Germany. He stood straight and tall and looked the officer squarely in the eye.

The officer sneered. "Here I have to put up with rabble like this —" he pointed to his men, "— while specimens like you are wandering around loose. You're big enough to be in the army! Why aren't you? You may be a deserter by the looks of you!" For no reason at all, the officer was working himself into a rage. Like much of Germany itself, the man was going slightly insane.

But, the tall blond boy never flinched. "I am only fourteen years old," he said in a strong voice. "I tried to join the army this year, but they said I was too young."

The officer's bull neck grew redder. "You lie!" he screamed, "— they are taking anybody now — and you can't tell me you're only 14. You're 17, at least!" Angrily he clenched and unclenched his fists.

The boy then made a bad mistake. "I do not lie," he said, "I am 14." He said it quietly.

The Prussian went berserk. He had been working up to it all day, frustrated as he was with the incompetent soldiers that had been thrust upon him. He reached out and took a swipe at the boy's face with his swagger stick. And that was *his* mistake.

The youth struck like lightning. His hand darted out, seized the swagger stick and tore it from the officer's grasp. As the stunned man stared at him, he transferred his grip from the stick to the bull neck. The other hand shot under the soldier's crotch. Up he rose, as though on a crane, and with a crash, he hit the ground. Gasping for breath and unable to rise, the officer lay there like a gaffed fish, all dignity gone — and all courage.

"Seize him!" he screamed, hysterically to his men; "— he'll be shot for this!"

Nobody moved. The soldiers hadn't enjoyed anything so much since the war began. Then the officer gave his sergeant the order to arrest the boy. The sergeant, warily, approached and reached out to take his arm. *Slam!* he was lifted high in the air and sent crashing down on top of his superior. With deep sighs, both men went into blissful unconsciousness.

(*continued from page* 40)

BY ALLEN RESSLER

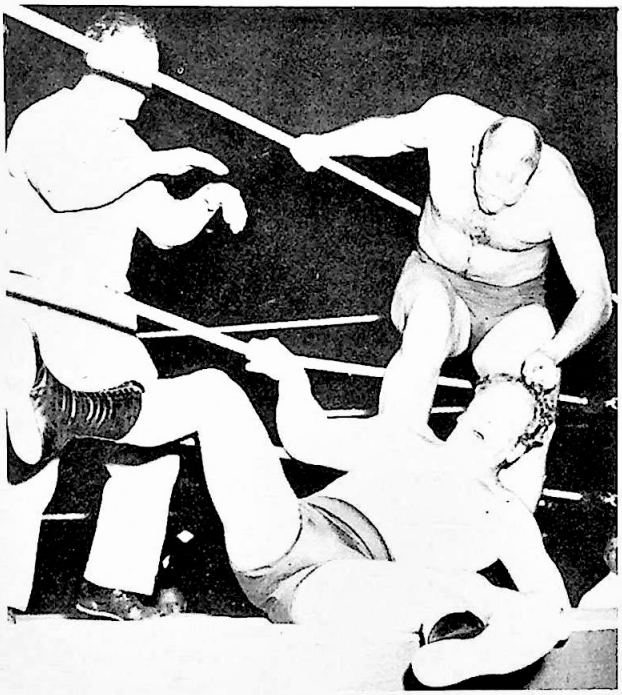
VON ERICH plays for keeps

It took a squad of police to keep Von Erich from breaking up arena in Buffalo, N.Y. after he was disqualified in bout with Bobo Brazil. Fritz is hot-tempered and easily riled, admits that he cannot control himself.

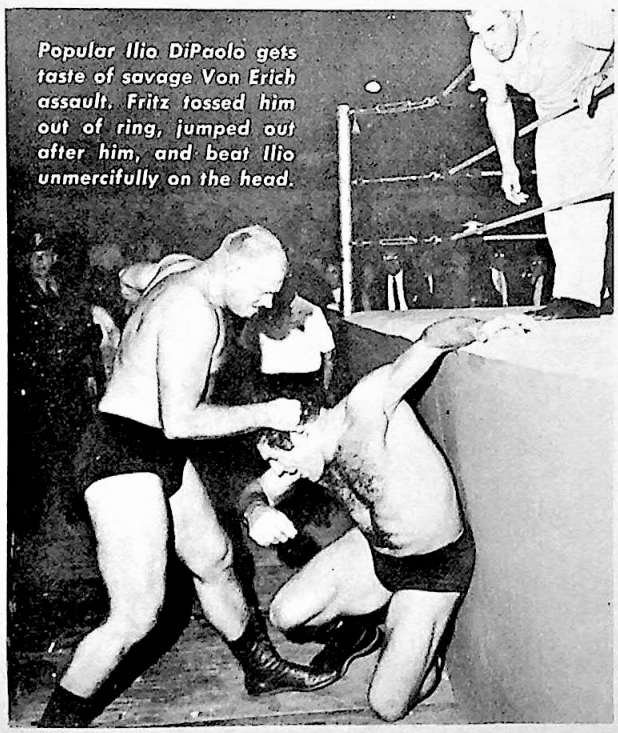
Half apologetically, the tall blond boy turned, walked around the school building and vanished, leaving a battalion of very happy troops behind.

The story does not end there, for one of the corporals in the outfit, over-aged and paunchy, was a wrestling promoter and athletic instructor. Having recognized the battling blond (a superman in the true sense of the word) as a lad from his own neighborhood, he made it a point, when the war ended soon afterward, to look the boy up.

"Fritz," he said, "I saw you that day when you gladdened our hearts with your superb fighting. I want you to know that the *oberlieutenant* suffered a broken shoulder and the sergeant was mustered out with a physical disablement. But what about you? Germany needs strong men to rebuild, men like you. And we must recapture our physical prestige. Why don't you become a wrestler?"



Fritz commits three fouls at the same time. He holds on to ropes, pulls Billy Lyons' hair and kicks him in the back.



Popular Ilio DiPaolo gets taste of savage Von Erich assault. Fritz tossed him out of ring, jumped out after him, and beat Ilio unmercifully on the head.

The boy looked at the older man with a grin. "I intend to. I am going to America to wrestle."

"But," protested the ex-corporal, "what about Germany? You are a Prussian! You should be fighting America, not fighting *for* it!"

Fritz Von Erich gave his friend the look that has again and again terrified his opponents in the wrestling ring. He said, "Don't worry, I'll be fighting America, all right. I am going to cripple every *schwienhunt* of an American wrestler I meet. Single-handed, I will continue the war against the Yankees!"

That was fifteen years ago. For a decade and a half, one of wrestling's most feared villain has been waging war against the noble forces in American sports. Von Erich has established himself as a man without scruples, without fear and without honor in the ring. Outside, he still professes to maintain the strict sense of honor that prevailed among the old Prussian aristocracy, of which he is a part.

Interviewed recently, Von Erich made no attempt to disguise the hatred that still guides him in his one-man war. "I am going to do my best to wreck America — one man at a time."

Fritz appears to be making good his boast. Among wrestlers, anyway. The fully matured Von Erich, now six-feet-four, 260-pounds, is a monster of a man with a sadistic appetite for inflicting punishment on his fellow man. Some of the atrocities he has committed under the guise of sport have had a violent reaction on both fans and wrestlers alike.

The great Yukon Eric speaks for all wrestlers when he says: "Von Erich is a wildman. It is impossible to try to figure him out. He'll do anything to win a bout, even kill his opponent if he has to. But," continued the popular Yukon Eric, "I don't think Fritz can help himself. The way I figure it, he just thinks that he has to battle as hard as he can to maintain his honor."

This view seems to be more than fair, and many other wrestlers subscribe to it. "Fritz is all right," says Lou Bastien, "he's just got a grudge against the world and he tries hard to work it out of his system. I don't think he's really as bad as some people think."

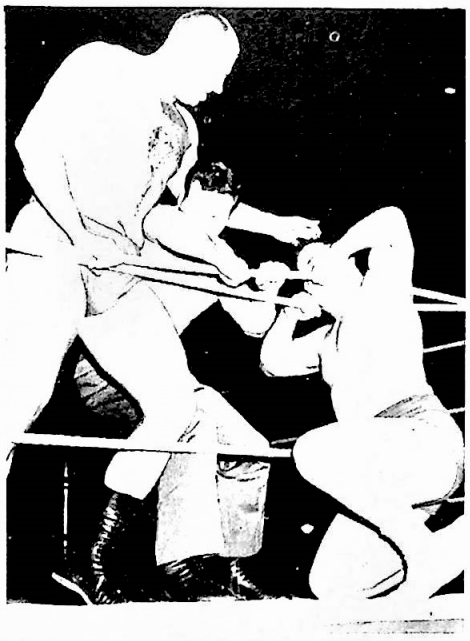
Others are convinced that Fritz Von Erich is Adolf Hitler reincarnated. Bobo Brazil, a fine wrestler, recently met Fritz in one of the wildest set-tos ever seen in Buffalo, New York. "I can beat him fair and square," said Bobo, "and Erich knows it. So he made sure to injure me so badly by fouling that I couldn't finish the match. No matter how dirty a guy is, I just can't bring myself to use those tactics."

More than one wrestler has scars to prove Brazil's words. They form an ever-growing legion of Von Erich victims — and Von Erich haters. And, like Brazil, many of them agree that you just can't tell whether the petrifying Prussian can really wrestle or not.

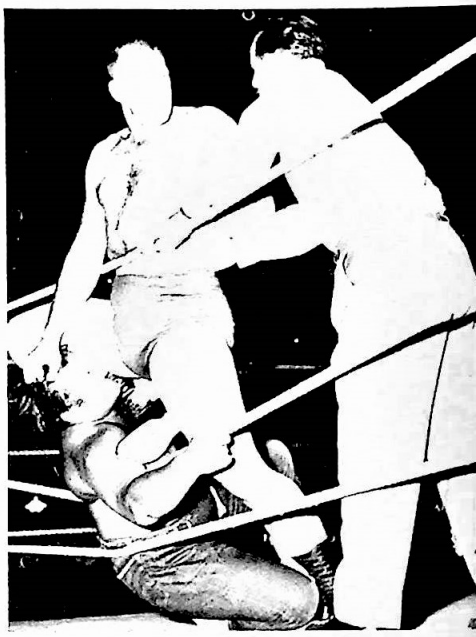
He doesn't have to, it seems. More than one younger, or smaller man, has been beaten by Von Erich long before he even stepped into the ring.

"That man pulverizes you with his very presence," said one hapless victim. "You hear about his reputation, then you see him in the dressing room, and — well, dammit, you get scared. I admit it!"

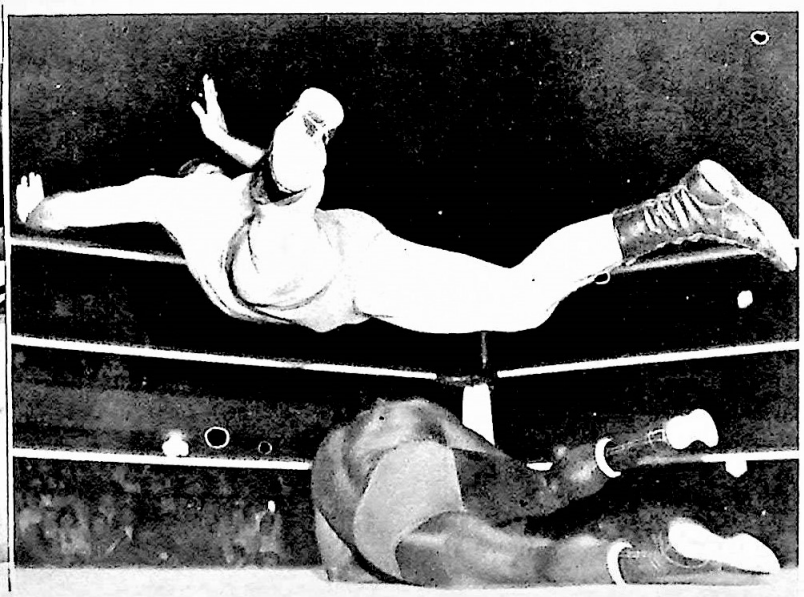
Von Erich uses his dreaded "Prussian Drop" on Bobby Brown before pinning him for win.



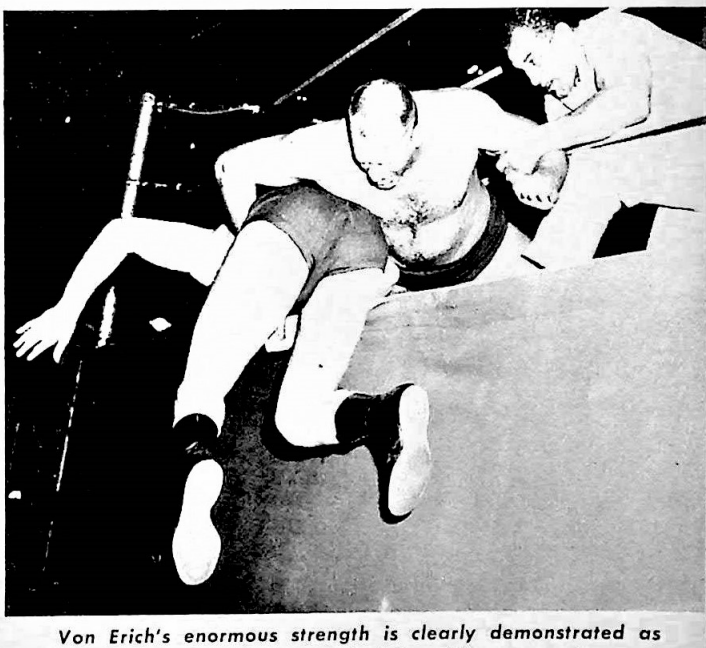
Dick Beyer is locked in ropes by Fritz as referee tries his best to help free Beyer.



Even powerful old pros like Yukon Eric, down, find it hard to cope with Fritz.



Von Erich is fooled by Bobo Brazil who quickly dropped to floor to avoid Fritz' flying tackle. Bobo and Fritz are bitter rivals.



Von Erich's enormous strength is clearly demonstrated as he easily holds up 230-pound victim with one massive arm.

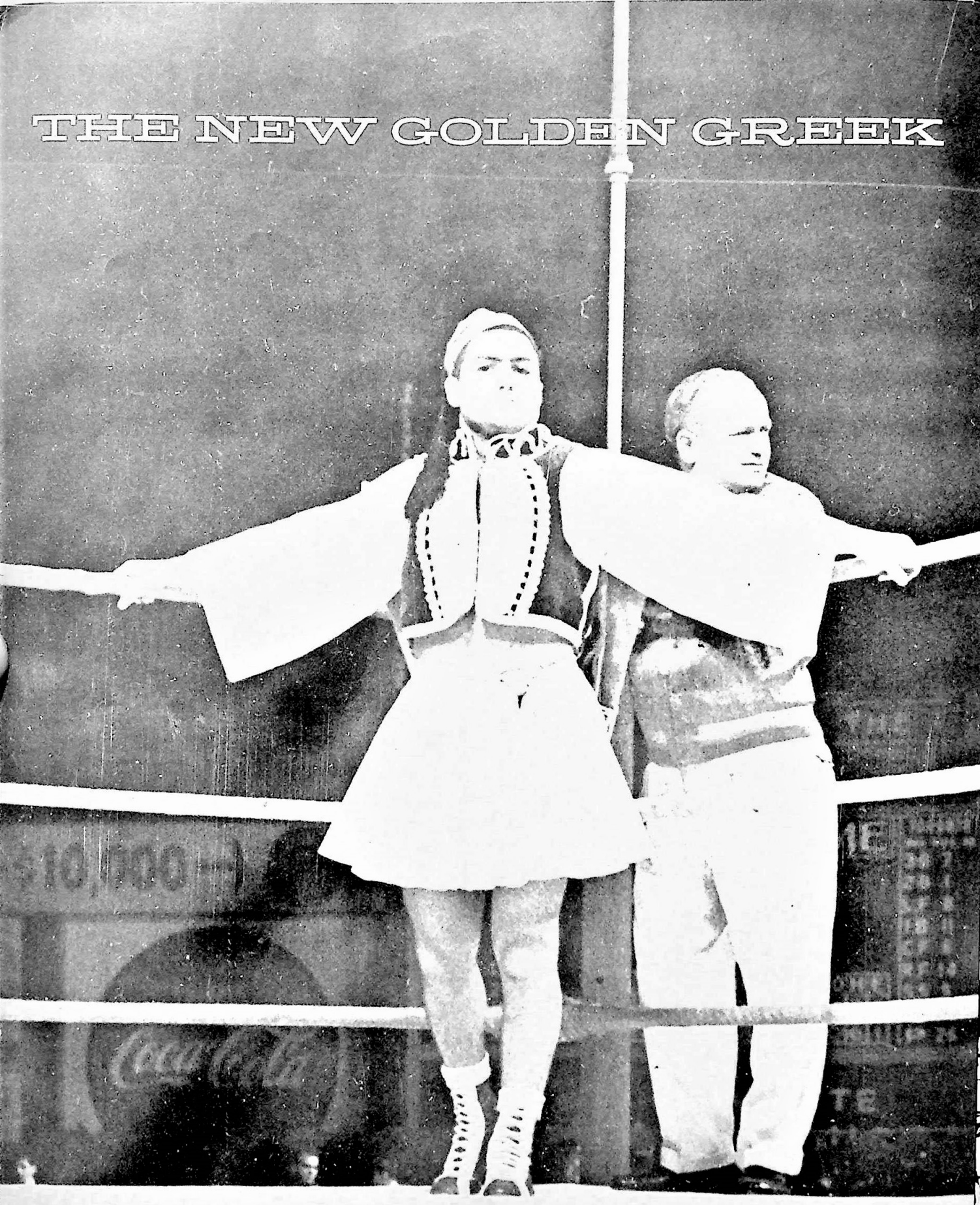
Von Erich is a tough customer to interview. He refuses to discuss his private life. But it was learned that he has a hobby, if it can be called that. He flies his own airplane. More often than not, he flies his Cessna 170 around the country from one wrestling area to another. . . . As for romance, he has never been accused of being nice to a girl, let alone getting married to one. Apparently, he spends much of his spare time thinking up new and crueler tactics to be used on the job.

The "Prussian Drop" is the most famous of these. This is a version of the knee, which Von Erich uses as a *stopper* in most of his bouts. Few wrestlers, if they outlast his other gyrations, can survive a Prussian Drop attack. Two hundred-sixty pounds come flying eight feet out of the air and land, knee-first, across the unfortunate's defenseless throat. If necessary, Von Erich turns his man over and does it all over again. By then, the stretchers are usually on the way into the ring.

Von Erich, pressed (not t[illegible]d) to make a statement for this magazine, said, "P[illegible] O'Connor. He is a good wrestler. When we met it was not for the championship, so I lost interest in him. I did the wrong things. I was disqualified. I would like to meet him once more — this time for the championship. This time, I promise you, I will win! It is not fair that the world's greatest wrestler should have to suffer these insults and bad treatment. They are afraid of me — that is why they disqualify me all the time. Let me wrestle just once without interference from a referee. I will show the world who is the Master Race!"

Nevertheless, Fritz Von Erich had made his place in the sun. If he stays in it, we'll all be happy to watch him do his best. And even his worst. • *end*

THE NEW GOLDEN GREEK



BY ROBERT ANTWERP

HARILAOS TSIMOGIANNIS

Not since the glorious days of Jim Londos have Greek mat fans had so much to cheer about

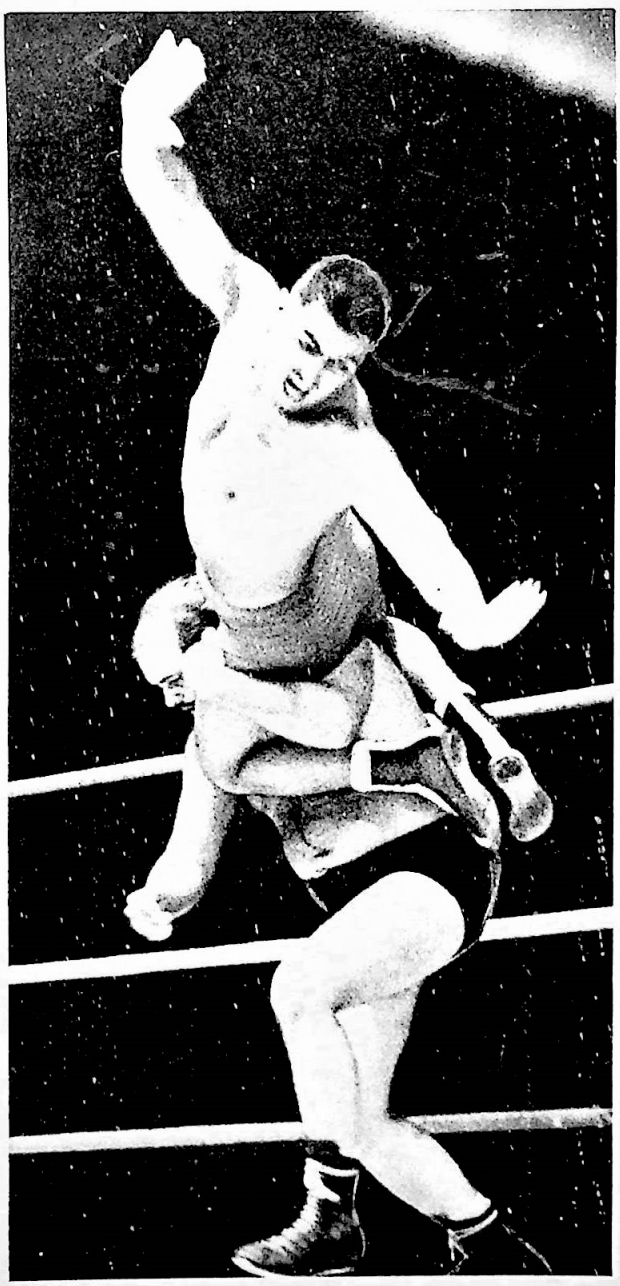
ALREADY THEY'RE BEGINNING to call him the "New Jimmy Londos"– and that's saying a mouthful. The fact that they haven't yet changed his name from Harilaos Tsimogiannis to something like, say, Harry Simon, shows how new to wrestling is this dynamic young Greek.

In a day when most professional wrestlers tower over six feet and weigh upwards of 250 pounds, it is rare—and refreshing—to see a normal, everyday 200-pounder, at 5 feet 8, make the grade. As it happens, those were the exact proportions of the great Londos when he was tossing around the likes of Ed Lewis.

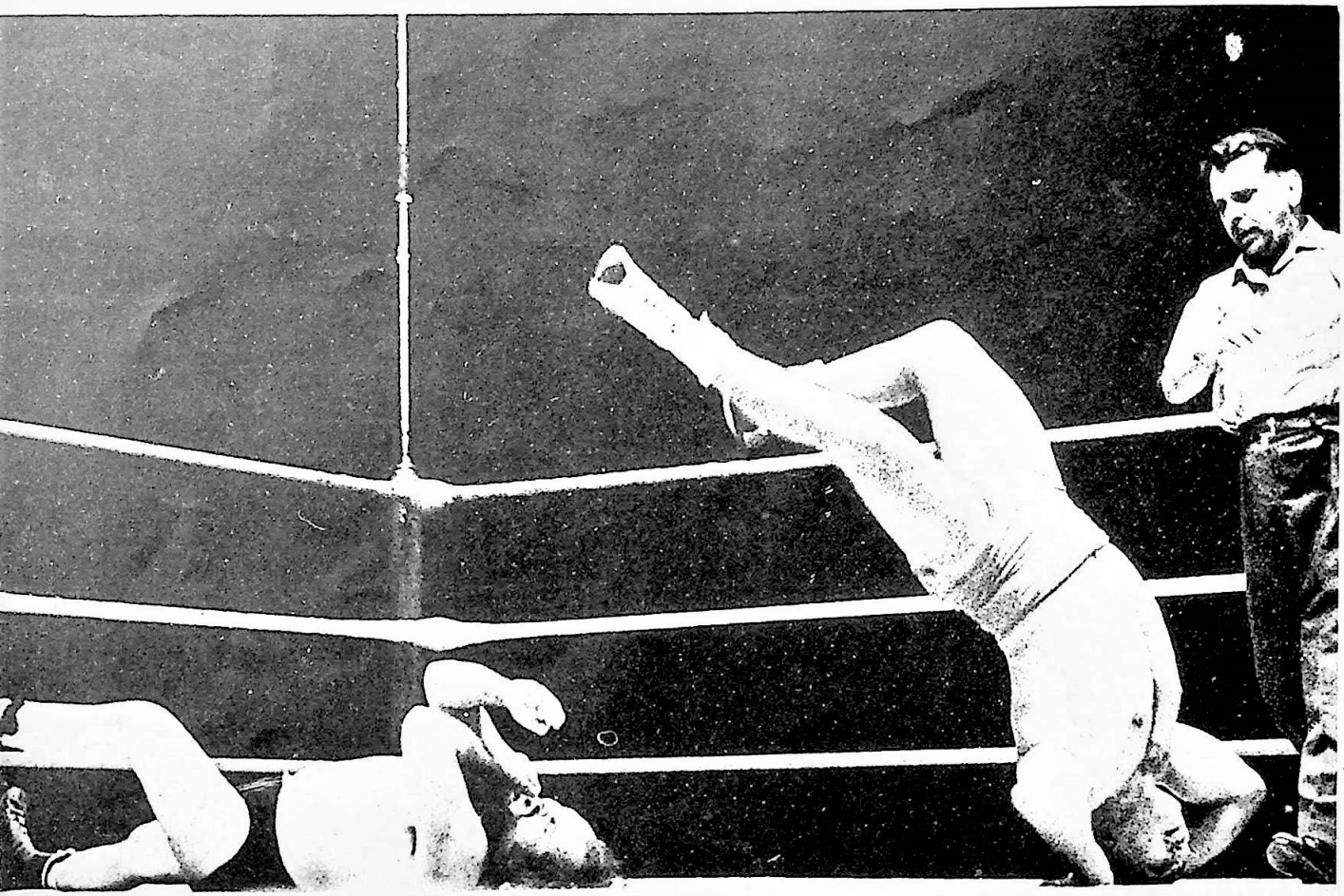
What makes the "new" Golden Greek exciting is his application of the classic Graeco-Roman style of wrestling to the more modern catch-as-catch-can showmanship in present vogue. "A pocket-size Carpentier," is what Eddie Quinn, the Montreal promoter, calls him. "A cross between Rocca and Buddy Rogers," says Tony Lanza, who discovered him. "I am myself, Harilaos Tsimogiannis," says Harilaos Tsimogiannis, who ought to know.

And that is a very important part of the Greek's character; he has the individuality that most great champions had—and at his size, he needs it. Only 23, Harilaos has other sides to his character. Born near Tripolis, Greece, he entered high school at the age of 12; there began toughening his body with Olympic exercises, excelling in Decathalon events, weight lifting and wrestling. After school, while working in a suitcase factory in Athens, the well-built youngster continued his wrestling and gymnastic activities for the next five years. These years of development paid off when he turned professional. Today, his maneuvers and gyrations are as startling to the ring-wise audience as the antics of such masters as Carpentier, Rocca and Ricki Starr.

Tsimogiannis is going to be a big hit with the distaff portion of wrestling fandom (girls), that's for sure. The youthfully muscular body, stocky yet lithe; the brilliant black eyes set in a round, earnest face supplied with an



Demonstrating amazing agility, Harilaos Tsimogiannis leaps to shoulders of Capt. John Barbarossa prior to flipping bearded captain to mat.



Barbarossa lies stunned as Harilaos gracefully spins out of suplex hold. Tsimogiannis breaks fall by landing on hands.

eyebrow-type mustache; the crew-cut black hair; the thick accent—all of it is destined to make the Greek a prime target for teen-age autograph hunters—not to mention the young matrons, housewives, older matrons, grandmothers, lady executives and just plain girls.

"This boy is very unusual," said Montreal physique photographer, professional wrestler and gymnasium owner, Tony Lanza. "He came into my gym a year or so ago, shortly after arriving in Canada from Greece, and asked me to make a wrestler out of him. I wasn't impressed by his size or physique," Lanza continued, "because there are so many big guys with terrific physiques around. But there was something about that little Greek I liked. He was sincere and ambition was oozing out of him. So I tried him out on the mat myself. It didn't take me long to realize that Harilaos was very fast and a lot stronger than I ever dreamed. In fact, I had a hard time staying alive. Yes, there is no doubt about it, the Greek is a very unusual young man."

Your reporter asked the enthusiastic Lanza what was so unusual about him. Tony looked at his watch. "Let's go to lunch," he said, "I'll tell you about it at dinner."

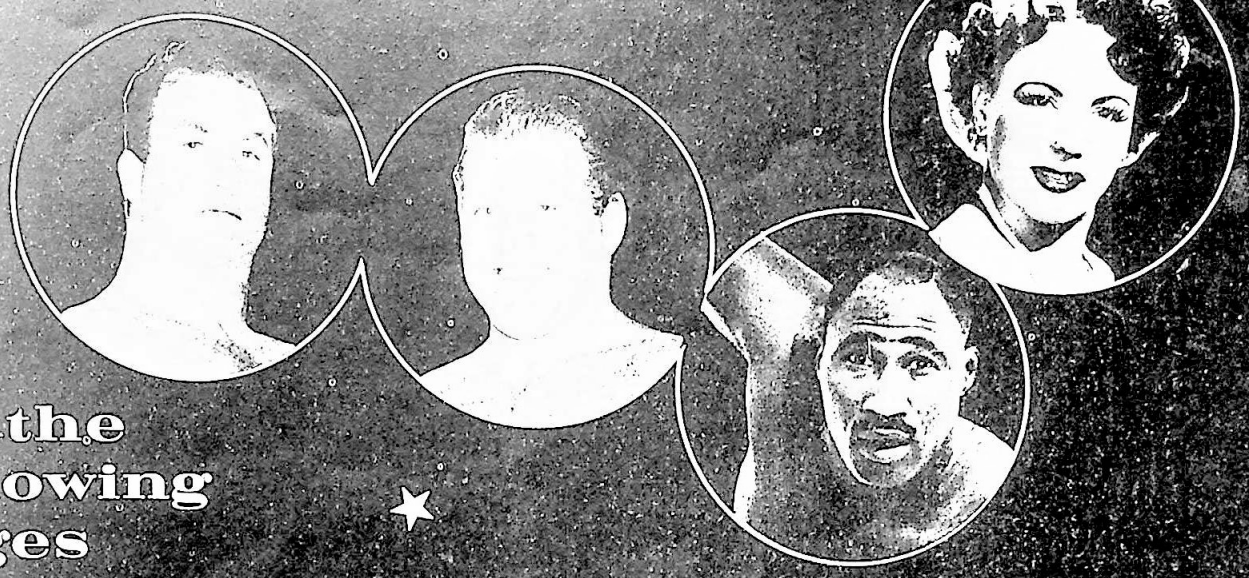
We hopped into Lanza's car. Driving the way he wrestles and talks—fast and furious—Tony stopped by the Laurentian Hotel to pick up Buddy Rogers, the famous U.S. champion who has also taken an interest in the career of young Harilaos. From there we drove to one of Montreal's better restaurants. The three of us ordered the specialty of the house, shish-kabob. It was served flaming, on long skewers and was the best meal the writer has enjoyed in dozens of trips to Canada. Tony kept looking around as he ate, as if expecting someone.

Lanza unskewered a hunk of delectable lamb, winked at Rogers, then said, "We'll talk after we finish eating, this meal is too good to interrupt with conversation."

"I would like to compliment the chef on this wonderful meal," Lanza told the manager at the end of lunch. A minute or so later, the chef emerged from the kitchen, smiling in his white coat and towering white hat. "This," grinned Lanza, "is Harilaos Tsimogiannis, wrestler, gymnast, linguist, musician, master chef, and man of many talents."

It was only too true. While learning to wrestle, the Greek youth has been earning a good living using his skill as a culinary artist. But, from the way he's catching on with the fans, the talented Greek is probably following his last recipes. From now on he'll be following the resin trail.

Whether Harilaos Tsimogiannis is a genuine Golden Greek—or just another flash in the (pots and) pan—remains to be seen. Anyway, if he flops, we'll always know where we can get the best shish-kabob in the world. • *end*



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Presents a Portfolio of Special Portraits of some of the World's Leading Mat

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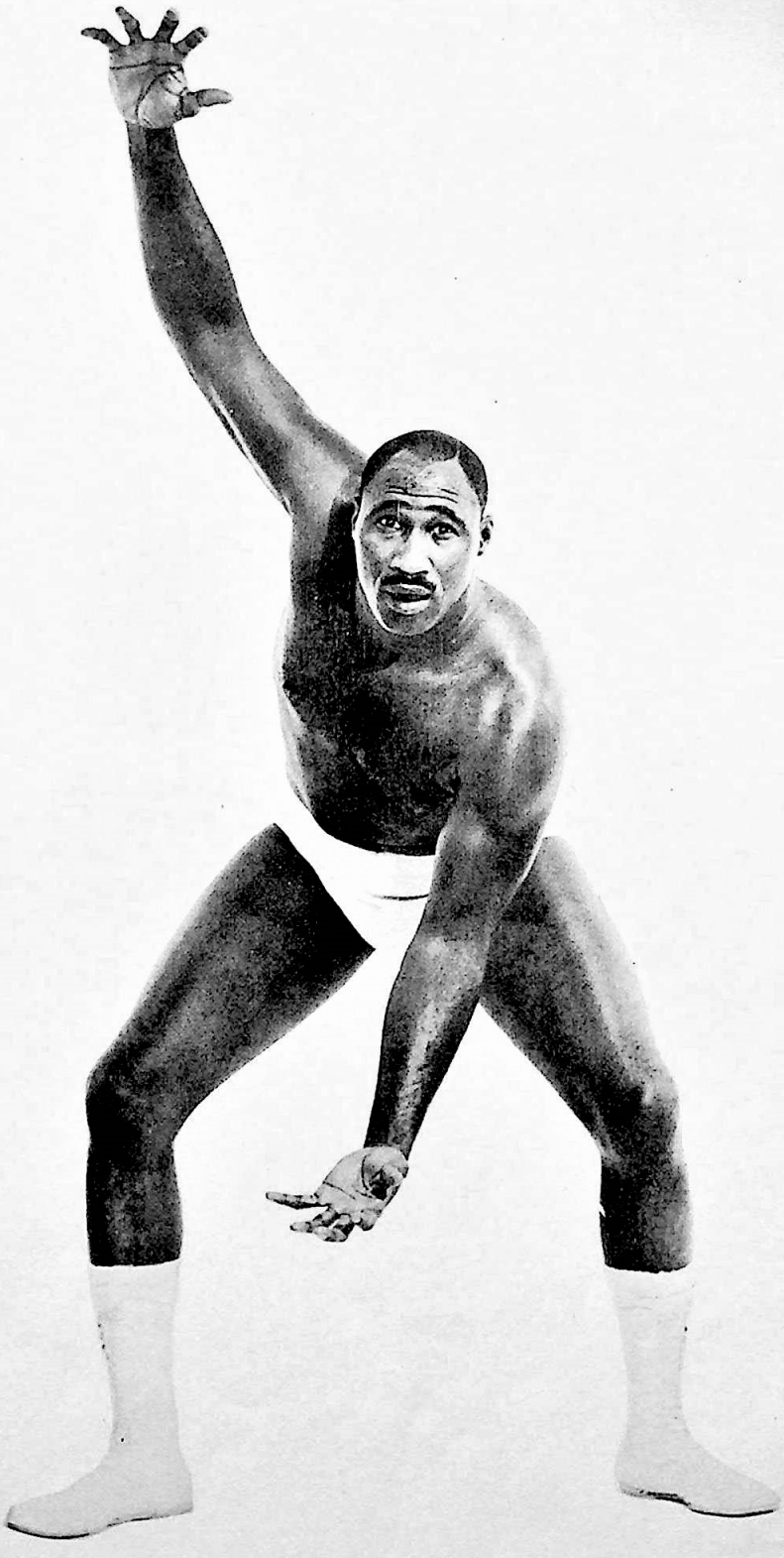

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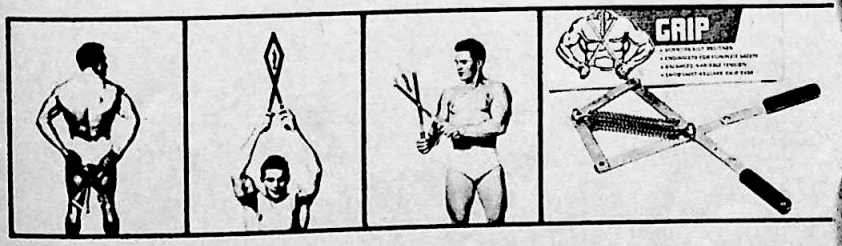

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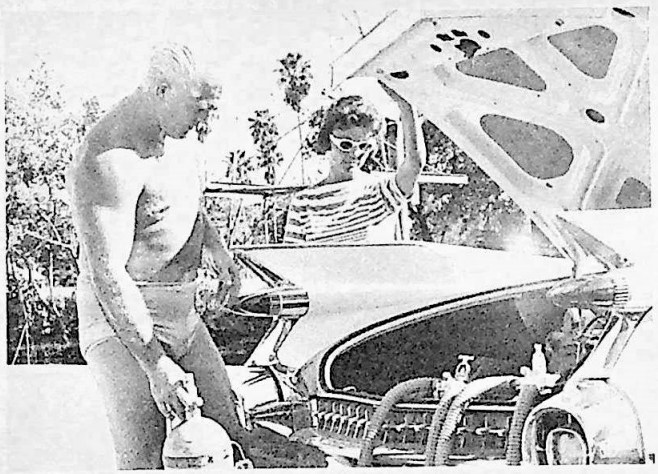


Graham arrives at dock where his boat is moored. He unloads diving equipment from car trunk as wife watches.

Lucy tells Eddie to make sure underwater gun is loaded properly before putting it aboard their sleek cruiser.

WRESTLER'S DAY OFF

In the crystal clear water of Tampa Bay, Eddie Graham finds his greatest pleasure fishing and skin diving with his family.

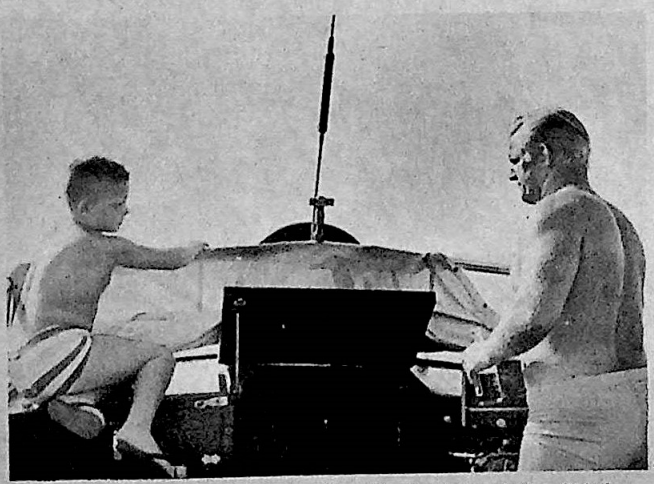
BY STANLEY WESTON

THE BRONZED, HERCULEAN skin diver stood up in the prow of the 25-foot cruiser and pointed down into the water. "Mike!" he shouted hoarsely, "—*shark!* Right under you!"

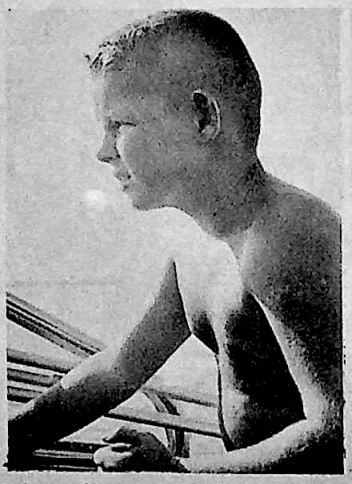
Twenty yards from the boat, a muscular 10-year-old diver lurched to his left, swimming frantically toward the boat. The man bent forward to watch the life-or-death race. At the tiller of the boat, his wife, a lovely brunette, showed the tenseness that only mother love can etch on a woman's face. She screamed to her husband, "Ed—I can't start the engine!"

The muscular diver relayed this information to the boy in the water. "The shark is between you and the boat! Think fast, Mike—what you going to do now?"

For his answer, the masked youngster ducked his crew-cut head under



Michael Graham, 10, watches his Dad head the "Little Mike" out into Tampa Bay in search of a place to dive.



Away from any obstacles, Eddie turns the wheel over to Mike.

Eddie checks air regulator on equipment before making div

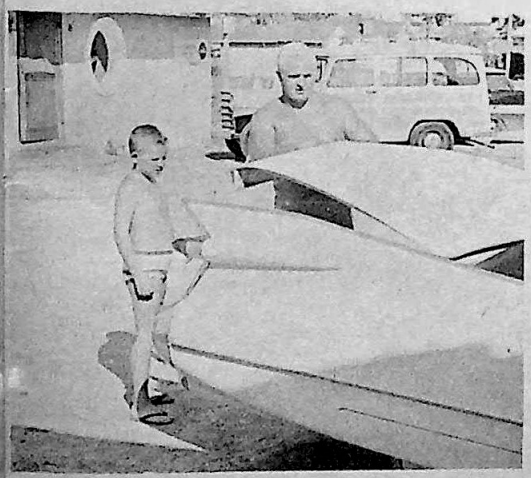
"Let's see," says Lucy, "we have soda, milk, and sandwiches. That's it, we're ready now."

the blue water and disappeared. His father smiled broadly as he watched the slim figure swimming slowly underwater toward the boat. In his hand the boy held a cocked spear gun, ready to dispatch anything that got in his way, whether shark, barracuda or manta. A moment later, the small head appeared alongside the boat. The man reached over, grabbed the lad's outstretched arm and hauled him aboard, lifting him easily with one hand.

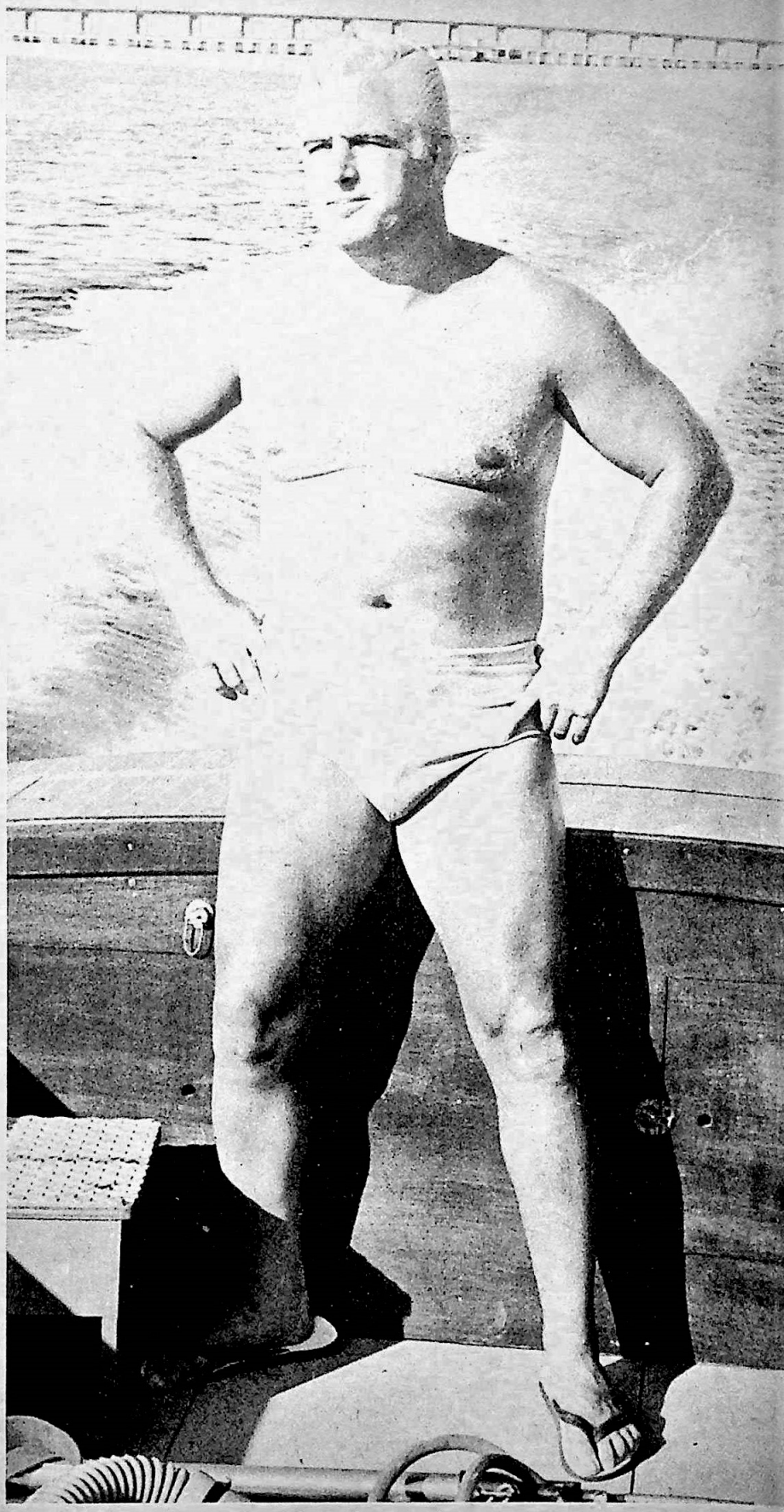
The "shark" was nowhere to be seen.

The boy's mother, after bestowing a damp kiss on her son's freckled face, started the boat's inboard engine without any trouble; then she headed at 25-miles per hour toward Tampa harbor.

And thus ended another wonderful day in the happy life of Eddie



After staying out four hours, the Graham family returns to shore and a big supper.



World famous wrestler Eddie Graham stands in stern of his boat as it heads out into Tampa Bay for an afternoon of game fishing and skin diving.

After finishing his supper, Eddie rushed to the studios of station WDAE in downtown Tampa where he was scheduled to appear on a sportsman's show.

Graham, professional wrestler. Since I spent the entire day with Eddie and his family—wife Lucy and 10-year old son Michael—I know how wonderful it was.

The night before had been pretty wonderful, too. Eddie, one of America's best — and best-known — wrestlers, had come from behind to thoroughly whip a tough guy named Buddy Austin at his own game. Apparently, Buddy had neglected to read Graham's press notices; otherwise, he would have known that, when necessary, the platinum-tressed Arizonan can be as rough as the most vicious villain. In fact, when wrestling outside his home territory of Southern Florida, Graham tends to be as animalistic as the worst of them. It was to learn the reasons for this dual personality that I visited Eddie on his home grounds.

As the day wore on — it was a Wednesday, a day on which most folks are beginning to look forward to the following weekend — I realized that I had the answer to the Two Sides of Eddie Graham without having to ask him a single question. Here's the answer:

Eddie, still a little weary from his bout with Austin, slept late—if eight o'clock can be called late—and the morning was leisurely. The breakfast served by Lucy consisted of scrambled eggs, toast, home fries, ham, cereal and coffee. After this, feeling kind of weighty, I watched amazed as Eddie Graham had his "main course." Into a food "blender" he dropped two ripe bananas, a whole canteloupe, and three raw carrots, all topped by a quart of ice cold milk. In two gulps, the 220-pound Graham downed the elixir, after which he slapped his iron-hard stomach and sighed aloud, "The U.S. Government should pass a law compelling every citizen to drink one of these every day. It would cure the ills of the Republic!"

So saying, Eddie led Lucy, Mike and yours truly down to the pier where his pride and daily joy, the *Little Mike,* lay moored. As we boarded the sleek little cruiser that sleeps three, Eddie said she was up for sale. "I'll take $8,000 for her—I want to get a bigger boat, about 33 to 35 feet. Then I can invite my friends on longer cruises farther offshore."

We anchored in the shallow waters a few miles off Tampa, where the Grahams are shopping for a modest ("No more than $50,000") home to go with the boat and their Cadillac Eldorado. For the next six hours I was treated to an exhibition of skin diving that almost made me want to go overboard in my wash-'n-wear suit. Through the "glass"—a window that you lay on the surface of the water so you can see the bottom clearly—I watched while Mike and Eddie cavorted and gyrated amid the coral formations beneath the blue waters.

Eddie was a good teacher. He would invent situations involving imagined dangers, from which Mike would, with lightning reflexes, have to extricate himself. That's how they got to meet the "shark." Lucy, playing the game, made believe that the motor was dead.

On the way home, Eddie patted his son's sleek head. "He thinks fast," the father said fondly. "Did you see the way he ducked under the water when he realized he couldn't beat the shark to the boat? He knew that a shark will be more likely to attack if you're on the surface. And, when you have a spear gun underwater, the advantage is all yours."

I watched them for awhile, the proud father, the equally proud son, and Lucy, who knew what was best for "My two boys." And I knew why Eddie Graham, roughneck, was so likable in Florida wrestling rings. But to make sure, I checked with him later, as we sipped ponies of a pre-dinner liqueur.

Eddie grinned ."You're right. Here at home, with my family nearby, doing the things I like to do—living graciously, I guess you'd call it—my personality is easy-going. It shows up in the ring. But, once I get away from Lucy and Mike, something happens to my nerves. I get keyed-up; I want to get back to them and—well, to relieve the tension, I take it out on the guys I wrestle. It may be tough on them, but it keeps me healthy."

Healthy is the word for Eddie Graham. One of the words, anyway. Another one is "happy." He knows how to live. Of course, when you have a family like Lucy and Mike to live with you, it helps.

"What're you training Mike for—you going to make a wrestler out of him?" When I asked that question, I wasn't sure what Eddie's answer would be.

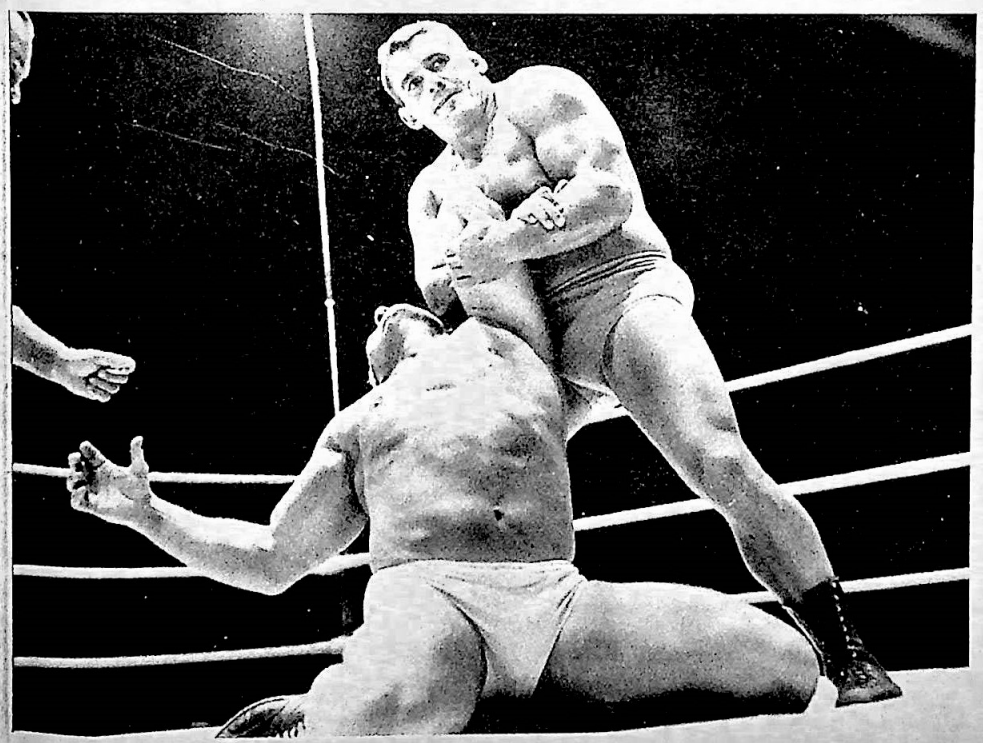
Here's the answer I got: "No," said Eddie Graham, "I'm training him to be a man." Coming from anybody else, it would have sounded trite. Eddie Graham made it sound important. To Eddie, it was the most important thing in the world.

I didn't say it then, but I'm saying it now: If Mike Graham grows up to be half the man his father is, he'll be quite a man indeed. • *end*

The Rogers-Carpentier Feud

PHOTOS BY **STANLEY WESTON**

Rogers, in left corner, and Carpentier enter ring in Montreal ballpark amid mixed jeers and cheers.



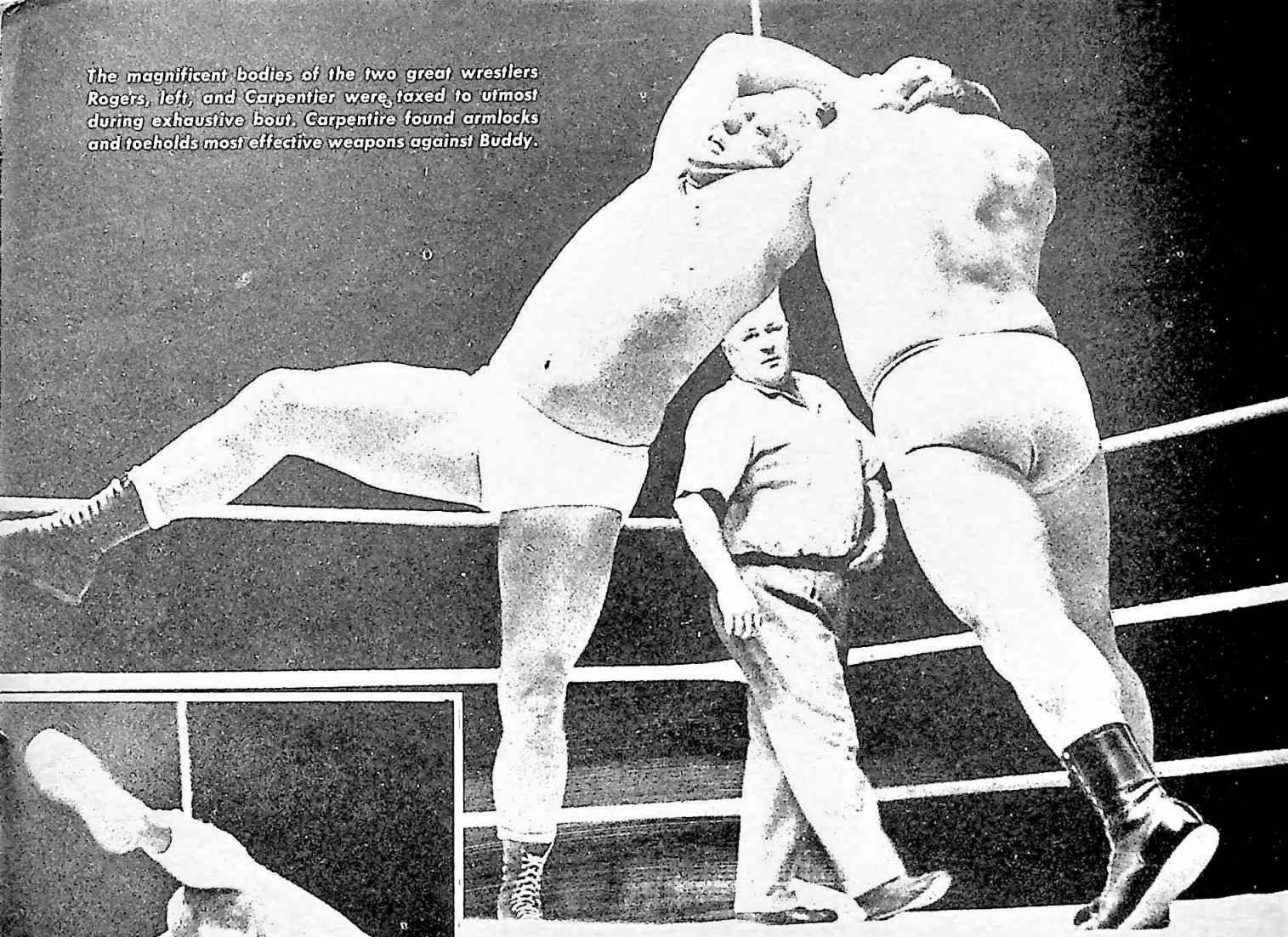
Carpentier scored with first real hold of bout when he locked Rogers in punishing armlock. Buddy broke it by yanking Ed's legs out from under him, immediately followed his advantage with a series of punishing flying tackles.

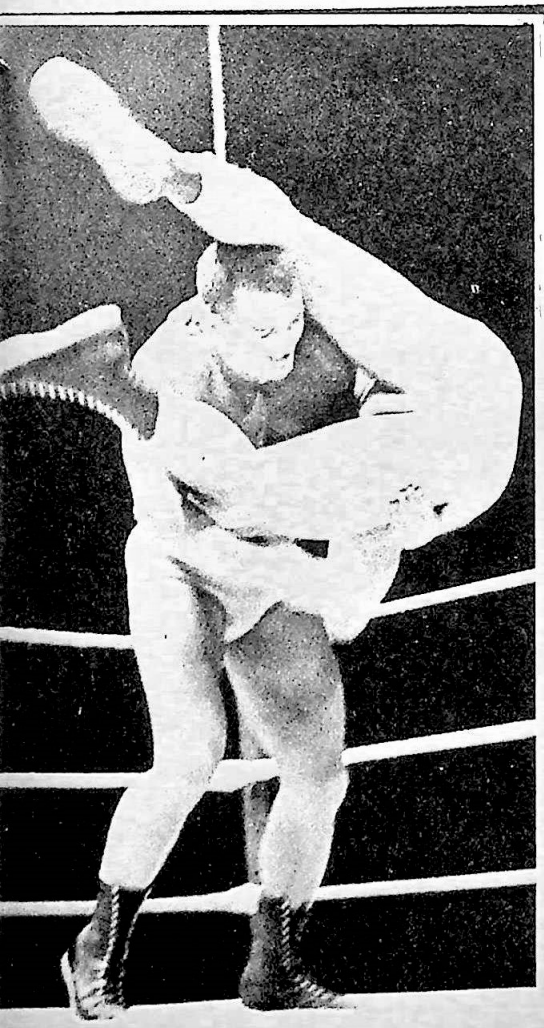
ABOVE THE BRIGHT RING LIGHTS in Montreal's big ballpark one night last August the sky hung murky and still giving impetus to the monumental struggle that was about to begin. This was the bout Montreal mat fans had long been waiting for and now that it was about to begin they anxiously pitched forward in their seats to watch.

Bronzed, golden-haired Nature Boy Buddy Rogers had backed his boast that "no living sonofab . . . can break out of my double leglock" with a whopping $10,000 in cash. But those close to Rogers knew that when he issued his brazen challenge he had one target in mind—France's adonis-like Cinderella man, Edouard Carpentier, a man Buddy despises.

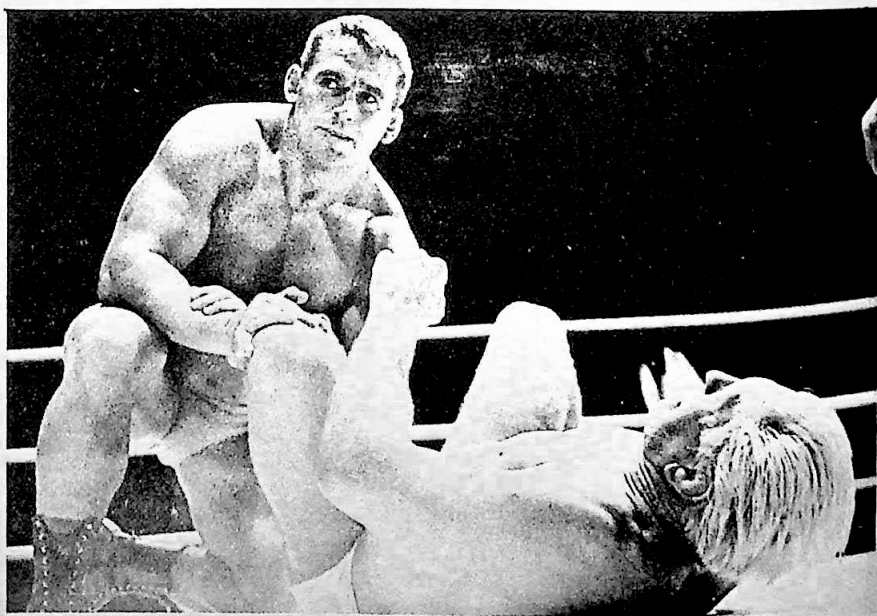
What brought the whole thing to a fever pitch is Carpentier's enormous popularity. Since his arrival in Canada about eight years ago he has become the idol of Canada's hero-worshiping French population, a man

The magnificent bodies of the two great wrestlers Rogers, left, and Carpentier were taxed to utmost during exhaustive bout. Carpentire found armlocks and toeholds most effective weapons against Buddy.





Everytime Carpentier thought he had Rogers ready for a pin, the cunning Buddy always came up with a counter, as he does here.



The handsome Frenchman looks to his corner for instructions as Rogers struggles to break leglock. But the instructions came too late. Before Edouard had a chance to carry them out, Buddy was free and fighting mad.

who can literally do no wrong. Said one recently arrived ex-Paris taxi driver who is now guiding a hack around busy Montreal, "this Carpentier is just a wrestler. But people here talk of him like he was Joan of Arc and President DeGaulle. I do not understand this business."

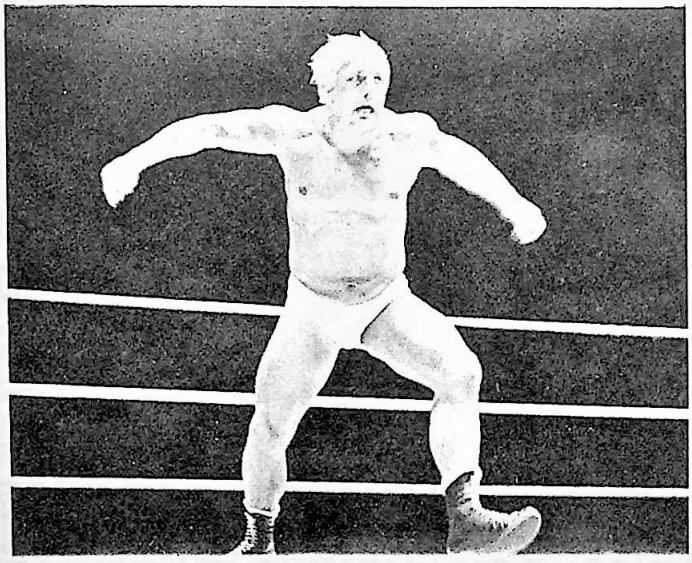
At exactly ten o'clock, Rogers, in typical peacock fashion, followed Carpentier into the ring amid a deafening burst of boos and catcalls. He strutted back and forth cursing at ringsiders—in English—which probably saved his life since only a few understood what he was saying.

At the opening bell Buddy threw his 220 magnificently-proportioned pounds squarely at Carpentier's equally magnificently-proportioned 225-pounds. Any artist would have thrilled at the spectacle of these two bruisers locked together in what looked like a piece of classic Greek sculpture.

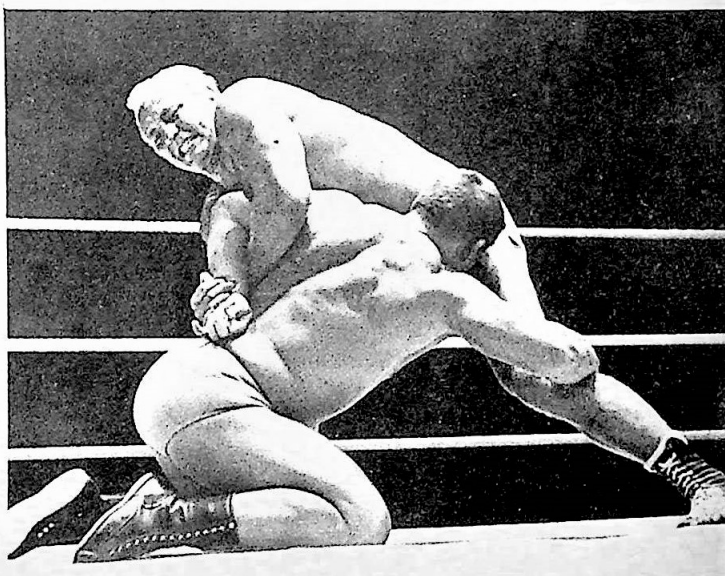
From the outset Rogers was dead-set on fixing his deadly leglock on the agile Frenchman. As he circled Carpentier, feinting a dive for his legs, the crowd gasped then yelled "No! No!"

But the clever Carpentier had a few tricks of his own. He countered Buddy's lunges with an assortment of headlocks and armlocks, and to the delight of the crowd won the first fall in a little more than seven minutes.

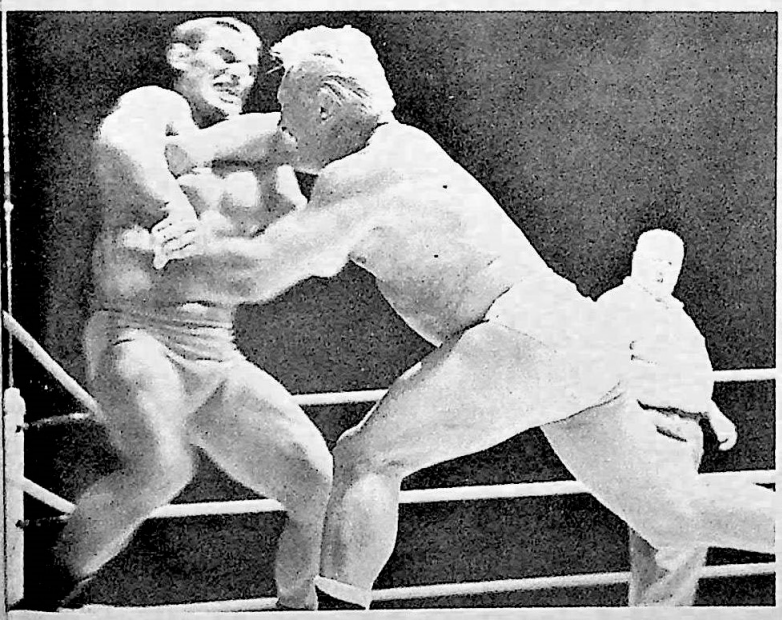
After a minute's rest, the infuriated Rogers charged out of his corner with murder in his heart. Cleverly avoiding Edouard's outstretched arms,



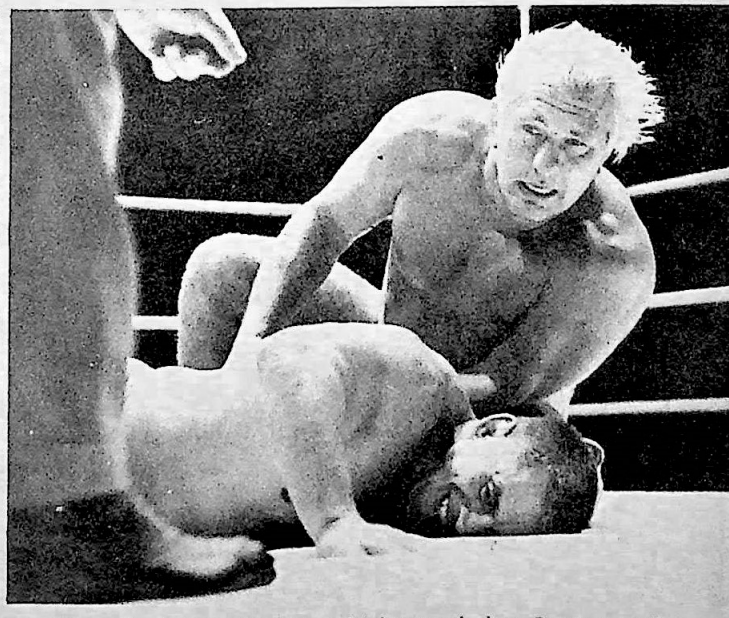
When Rogers was shown this picture he grabbed it and ripped it up. "I look terrible," he fumed. "You can't publish that!" But Buddy forgot that we still had the negative.



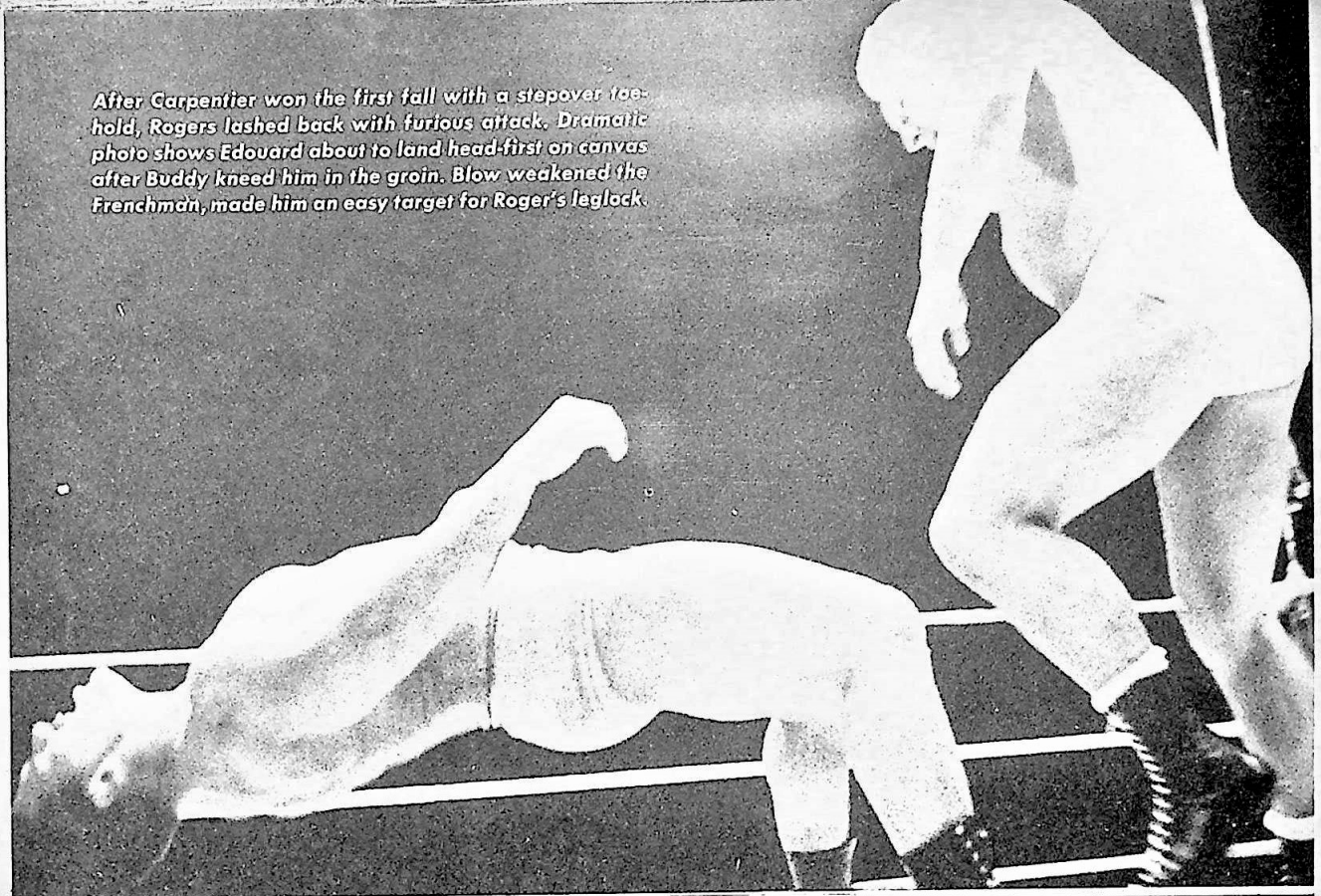
Buddy keeps hammerlock on Carpentier as he eyes his legs for possible opportunity to clamp Frenchman in dreaded leglock. Edouard, realizing danger, tires to squirm away.



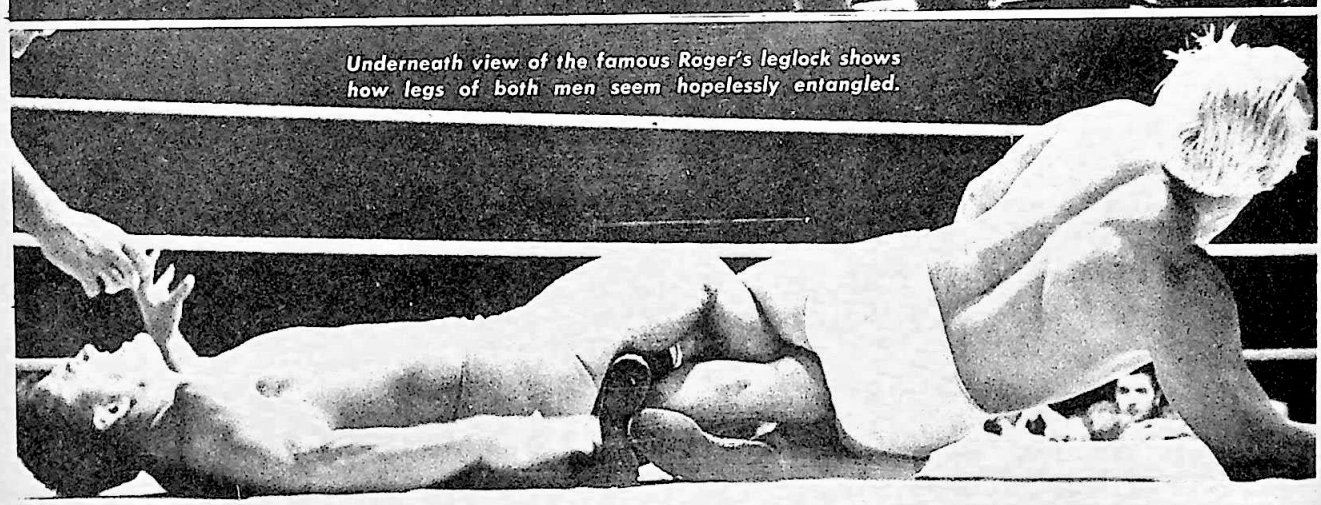
Carpentier's face twists in pain as Rogers slugs him with overhand right. Explained Rogers, "He kept retreating to keep me away from his legs. I had to open him someway."



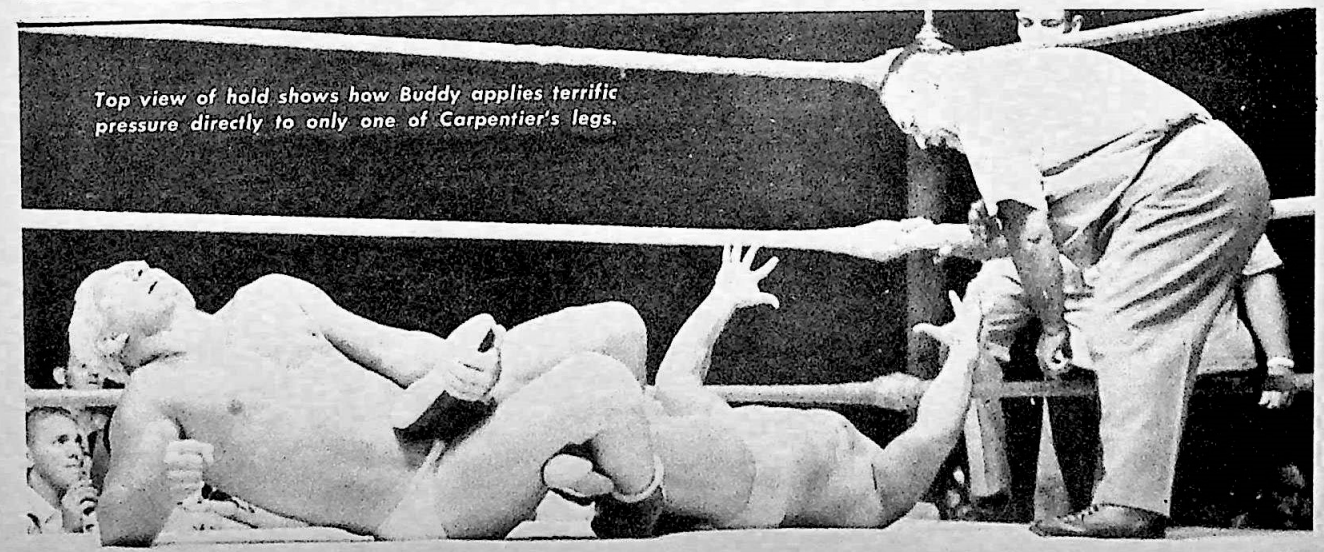
Carpentier is brought down with hammerlock as Rogers snarls at hissing ringsiders who threatened to storm ring and mutilate Buddy. But quick action by police held them back.



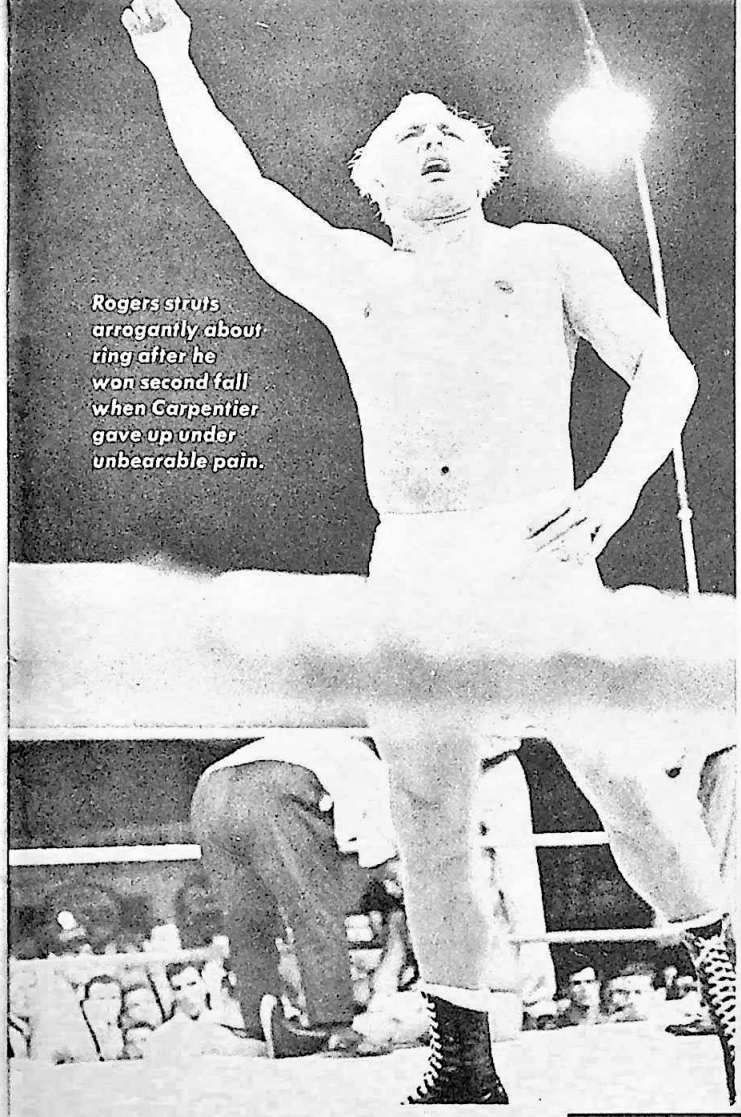
After Carpentier won the first fall with a stepover toehold, Rogers lashed back with furious attack. Dramatic photo shows Edouard about to land head-first on canvas after Buddy kneed him in the groin. Blow weakened the Frenchman, made him an easy target for Roger's leglock.



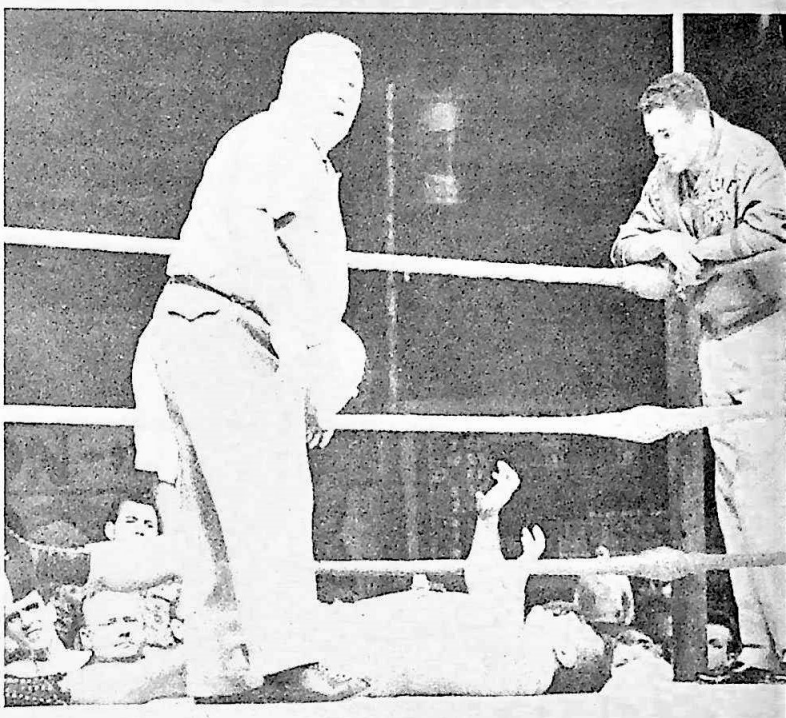
Underneath view of the famous Roger's leglock shows how legs of both men seem hopelessly entangled.



Top view of hold shows how Buddy applies terrific pressure directly to only one of Carpentier's legs.



Rogers struts arragantly about ring after he won second fall when Carpentier gave up under unbearable pain.



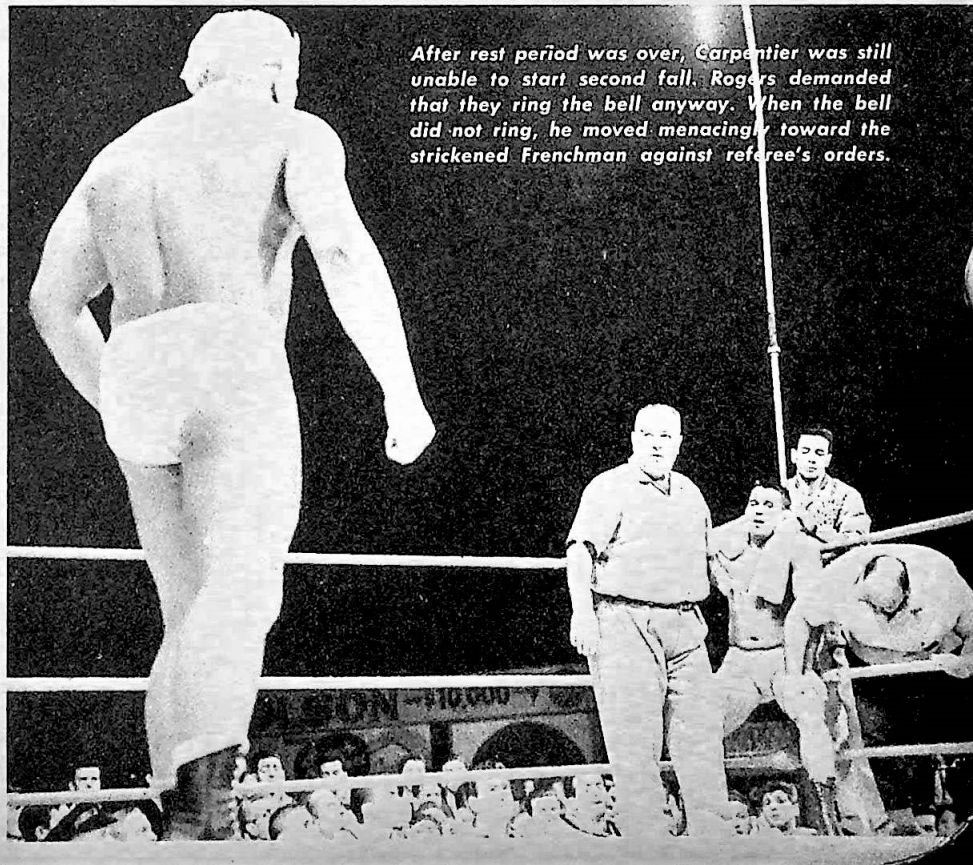
Carpentier's fingers curl in agony as his second tries to ease pain in his legs during minute's rest period after second fall.

he ducked low and in a fraction of a second had his victim clamped in his deadly leglock. The crowd groaned in sympathy as Rogers poured on the pressure and Carpentier screamed in pain. Brave as he is, Edouard had to submit or risk being a cripple for the rest of his life. Wisely, he conceded the fall to Rogers.

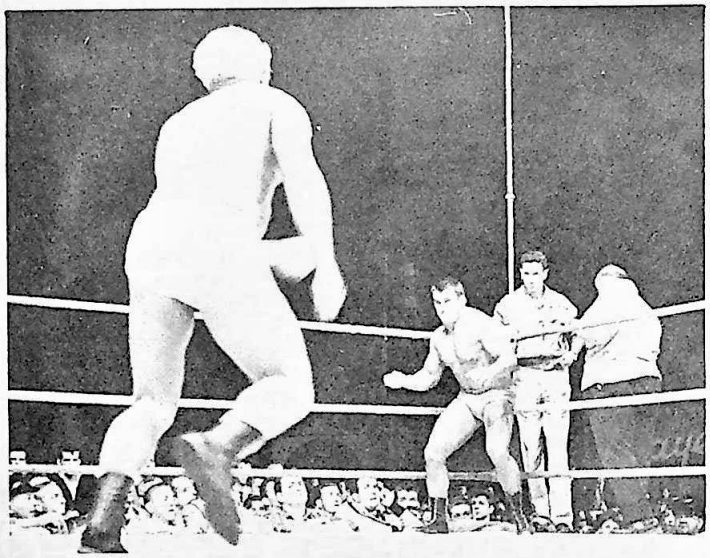
It would have taken much longer than the allotted one minute rest between falls for Carpentier to completely recover. When the bell rang to start the third and deciding fall, the Frenchman's legs sagged under the weight of his body. He grabbed the ropes to stay erect as Rogers ripped into him for the kill. Instantly, Buddy had his opponent again tied helplessly in his murderous leglock. Tears came into Edouard's eyes as he tried to bear the pain. Then the referee ordered Buddy to release his hold.

"Why?" Rogers demanded.

"Because he was holding the ropes



After rest period was over, Carpentier was still unable to start second fall. Rogers demanded that they ring the bell anyway. When the bell did not ring, he moved menacingly toward the strickened Frenchman against referee's orders.



Finally, with the fuming Rogers bearing down on him, brave Ed Carpentier tenses his great body for the coming onslaught.

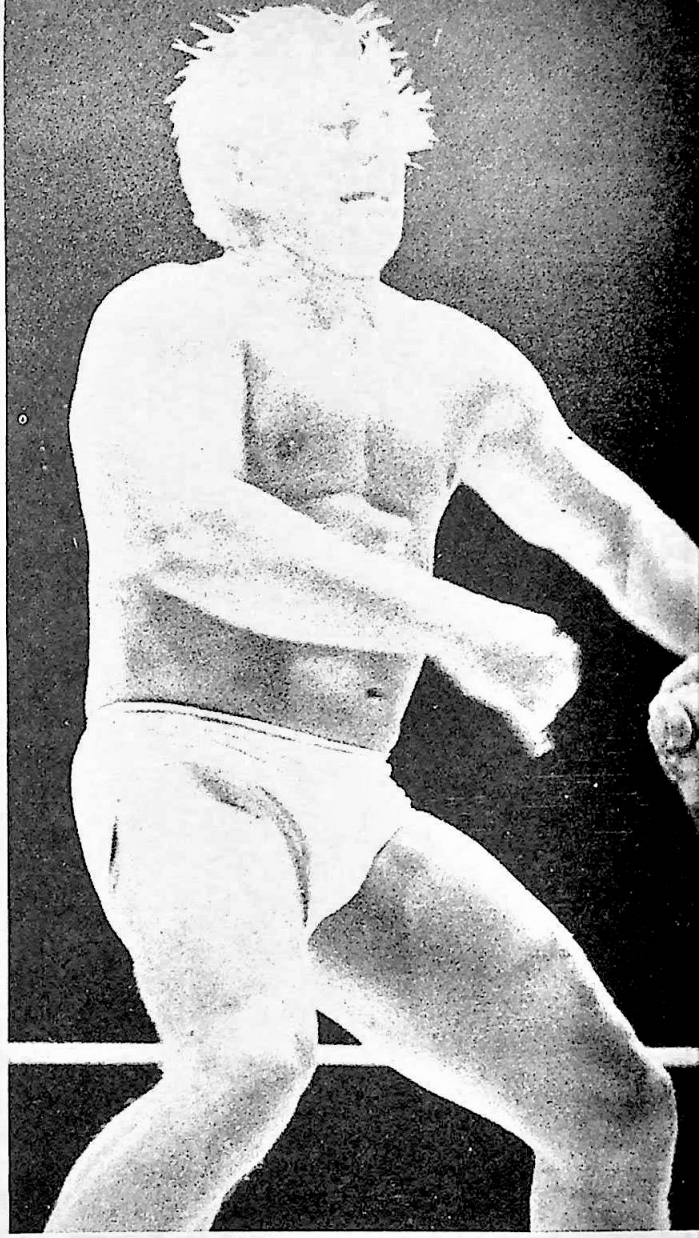
when you got that leglock. Now break it!"

But Buddy didn't break it. Instead he increased the pressure.

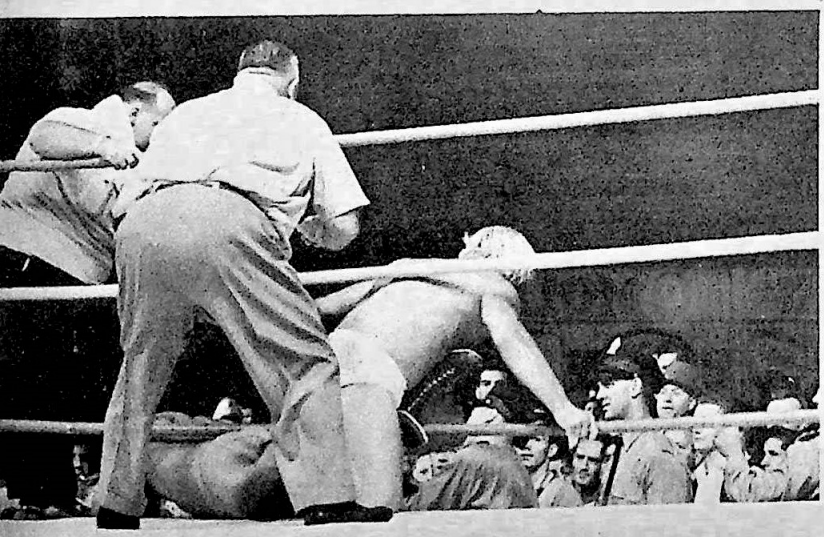
"Break it!" yelled the official.

"Drop dead!" Rogers shot back. "I'm gonna break his damned legs!"

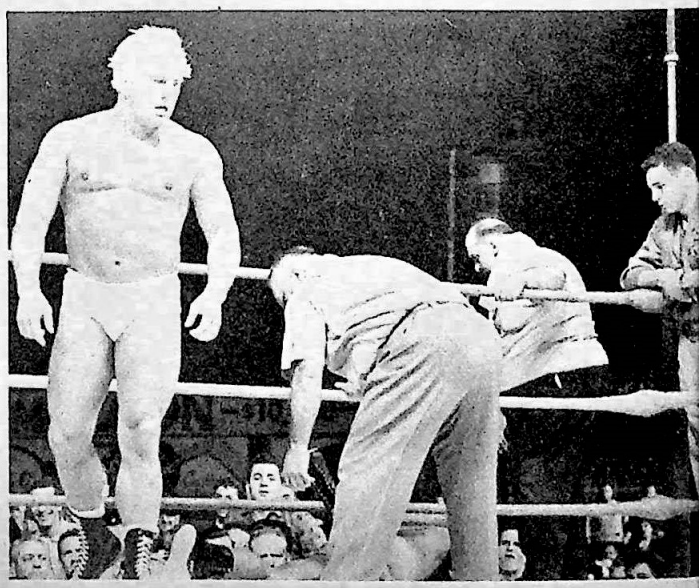
The referee made up his mind. He swished his arms back and forth before him, signaling a disqualification. The match was over. Officially Carpentier was the winner, but it was "loser" Rogers who strutted proudly from the ring while winner Carpentier was carried out by four husky members of the Montreal police force.



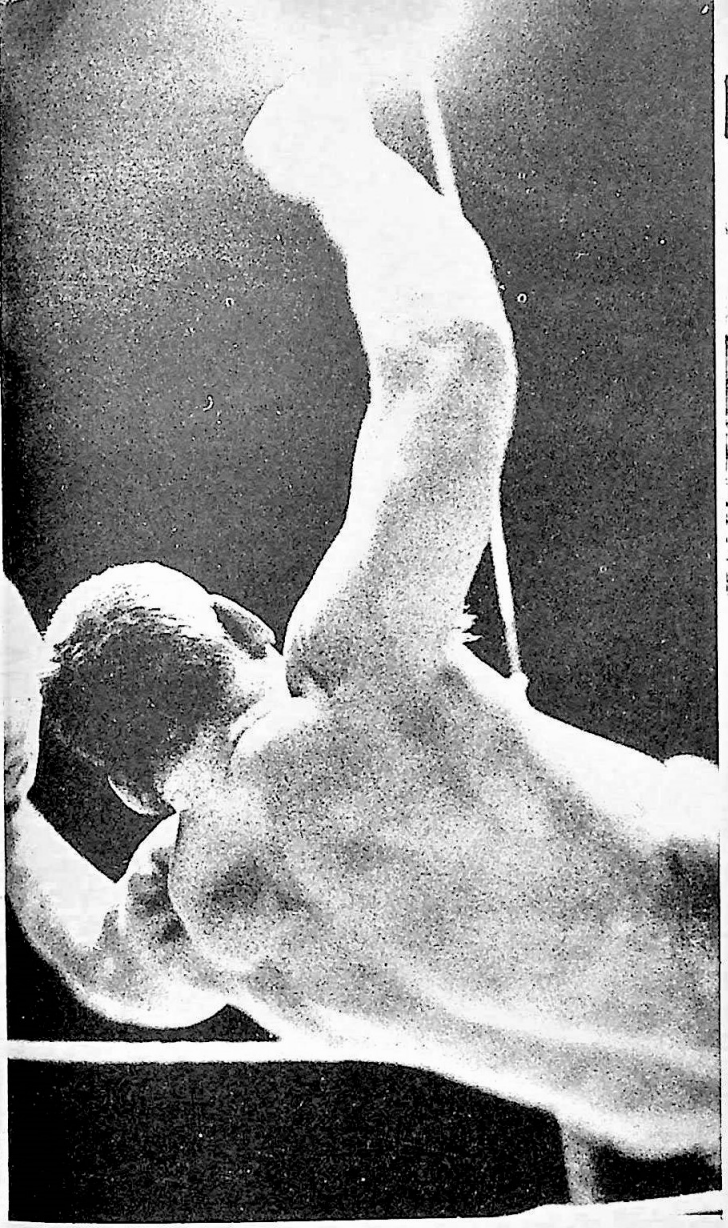
Rogers rushed in, grabbed the French idol by the hand, and spun him over and down onto the mat. The hard fall further aggravated Edouard's condition and set him up for the kill.

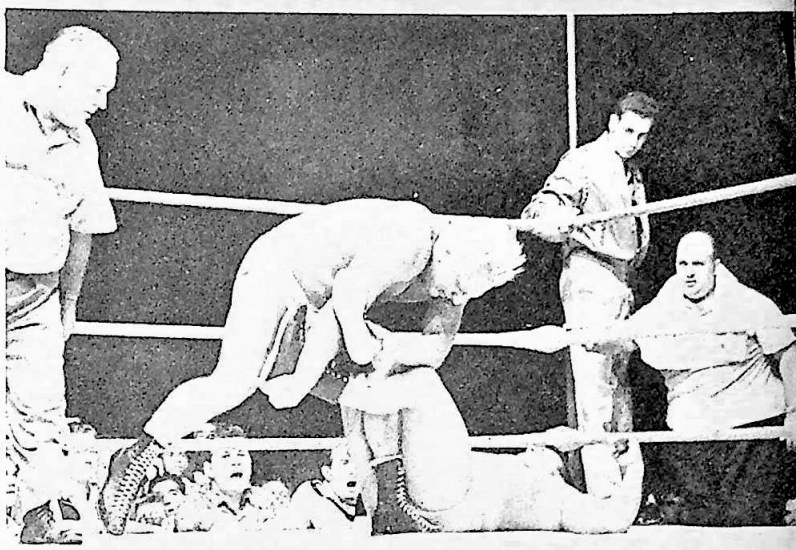


Luckily for Ed, he was able to slide under ropes to break leglock. But Buddy was then attacked by angry crowd.



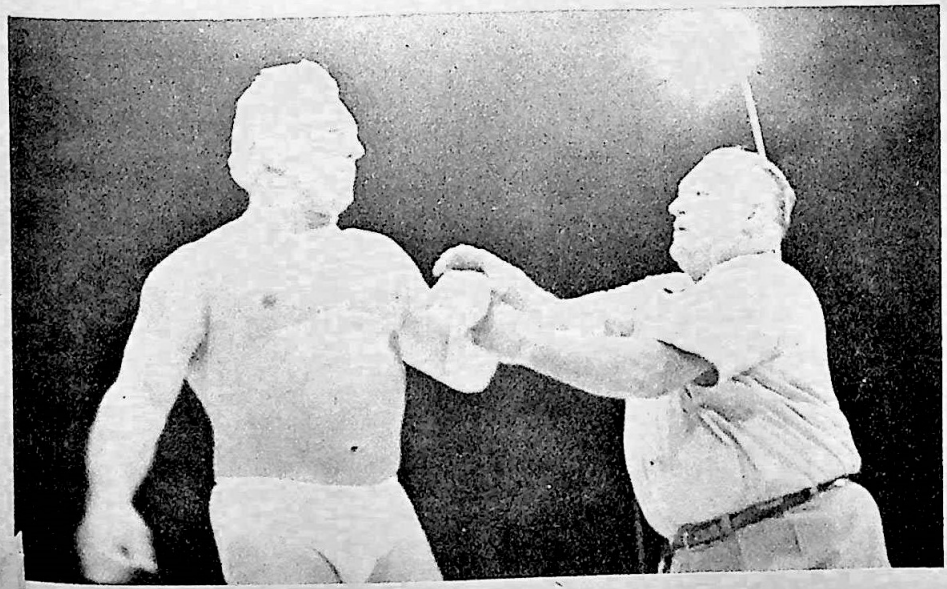
When Rogers refused to release his leglock after repeated warnings by referee, he was disqualified and lost the match.





Almost as soon as the third and deciding fall started, Rogers tried for and secured his dreaded leglock once again.

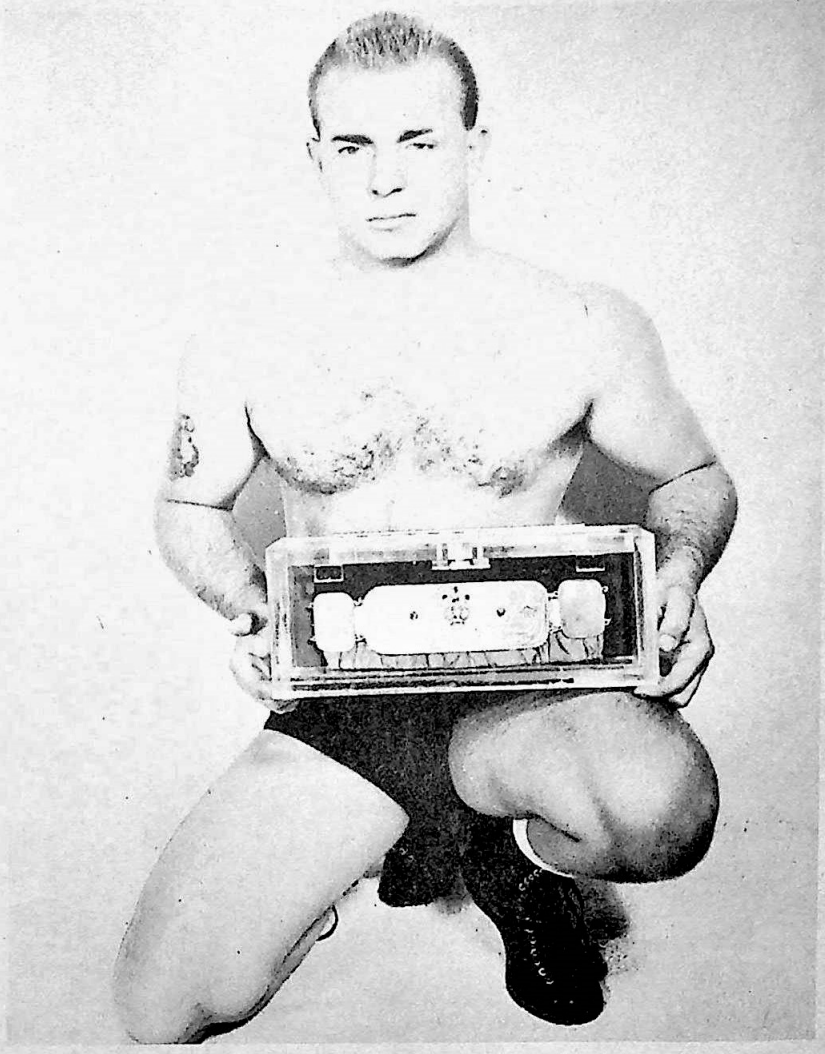
The following day, Rogers, still furious over what he called "a damned outrage," prepares to go through Canadian customs prior to boarding plane for flight to New York. He earned $5,200 for bout.



When Buddy realized what had happened, he protested bitterly to referee and insisted he was rightful winner. But the official stuck to his decision

MOE SMITH got what he wanted

The man some experts call the best wrestler, pound for pound, in the world, is a wiry ex-prize fighter who made the transformation from prize ring to wrestling ring with remarkable ease.



Smith proudly displays his championship belt.

"IT'S A SHAME this boy is not 30-pounds heavier," said Frank Stojack, as he pinned on his new sheriff's badge and thus left his light heavyweight wrestling crown up for grabs.

"This boy" Stojack referred to was Jack "Moe" Smith, an Idaho-born, 27-year old athlete now making his home in Carson City, Nevada. Smith wanted more than anything else in the world to have Stojack's old title. But so did 16 other wrestlers in that very active light heavyweight division. In order to settle the whole thing fairly, the National Wrestling Alliance and the Canadian Wrestling Federation ordered a series of elimination bouts to determine Stojack's successor. This was back in 1958. On October 29th of that year, the immortal baseball star, Ty Cobb, then a sports writer for a Carson City paper, wrote the final results of the big tournament like this:

"Climaxing a half dozen years of campaigning, Moe Smith is now the world's light heavyweight wrestling champion. The lightning fast Smith forced burly Luigi Maccera of Montreal, Canada, into submission. The two were survivors of a long tournament of elimination matches held to make an undisputed champion. Smith, at 174½, gave away slightly more than 10 pounds to his handsome, muscular opponent. The bout was perhaps the fastest ever seen in Nevada."

Watching the bout, the man responsible for it, Frank Stojack, who had retired from the mat to go into politics, made the remark concerning Smith's weight. A nearby reporter, on the alert for such quotable stuff, asked why Moe should be thirty pounds heavier. After all, he'd just won a world title—what more could he want?

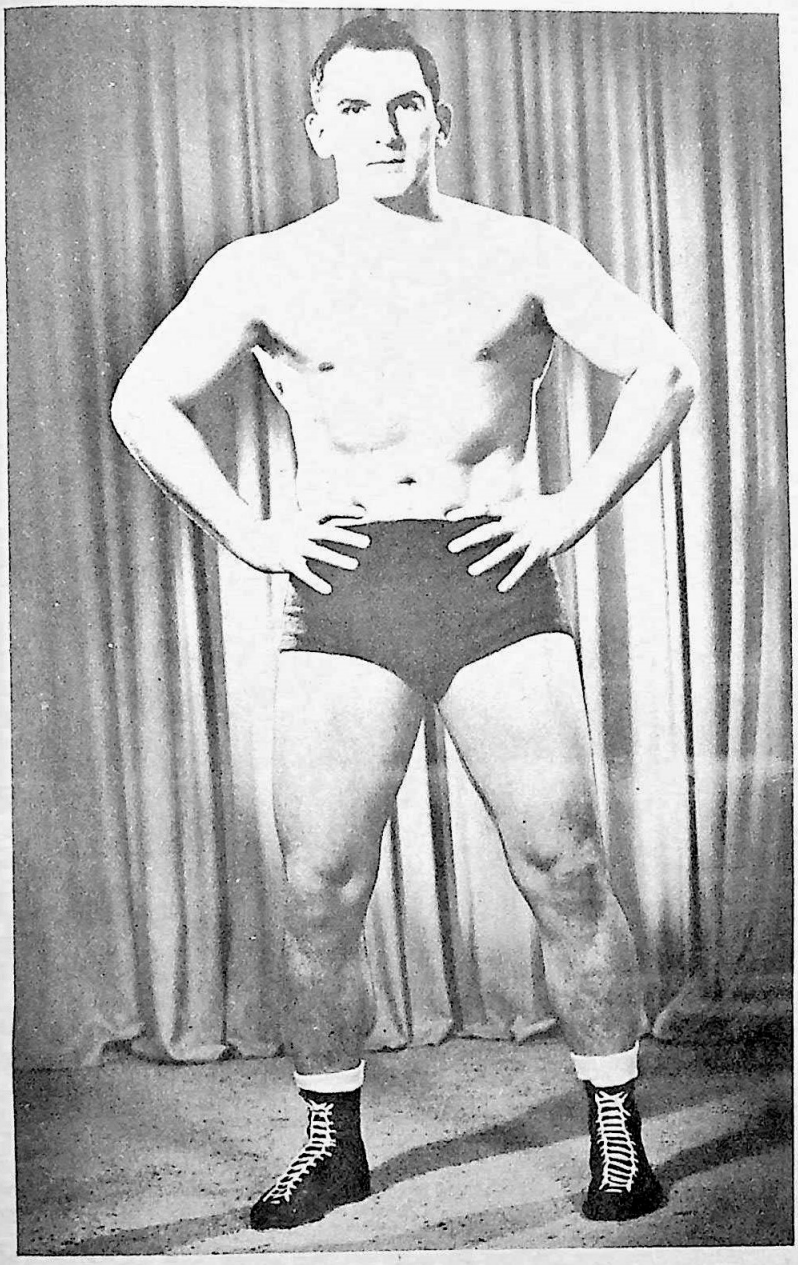
"He could," said Stojack, "want the heavyweight title—and he could get it if he were only heavier. In my opinion, this boy is the best wrestler in the world today—pound for pound."

A vast horde of wrestlers, fans and newspaper people agree with Stojack. But Frank Stojack wasn't the only one who saw potential greatness in the wiry, remarkably skillful Moe Smith. Other veteran stars of the mat like Leo Wallick, Tex Hager and Bob Cummings saw it, too. Hager says flatly, "Moe is the best in the business."

Hager, now a wrestling promoter, once managed Smith, not as a wrestler, but as a boxer. "Smith started out in the Golden Gloves, did well, then he turned professional in a hurry," recalled Hager. "But then Moe reached that 175-pound weight, which, as you know, is probably the worst weight possible for a boxer. It puts him in the light heavyweight class, where the chances of making big money are slight, except for a guy like Archie Moore. So I told him he would do a lot better as a wrestler." Hager claims that Smith's fantastic speed is a carryover from his boxing days.

Moe Smith also gets his sense of fair play and modesty from his boxing days, but mostly these traits are an inherent part of him.

"It is refreshing to see that young man in the ring," is a typical comment heard around ringside while Smith is wrestling. And there are many other comments, all favorable, that can be heard during a Moe Smith performance. One such comment was, "They ought to write him up in a magazine and give him the publicity he deserves." Which is what WRESTLING REVUE is doing here and now. ● *end*



HERB GERWIG'S CHANGE OF HEART

Why does a successful hero suddenly turn into a ferocious villain? Ask Gerwig, he did it.

"FROM NOW ON," said 230-pound Herb Gerwig, "I'm a villain!" He sat slumped on the bench in front of his locker in the dressing room of a Columbus, Ohio, arena, sweat and blood pouring from his brow in equal quantities. With this statement, Baltimore-born Herb Gerwig joined the ranks of wrestlers who switched from hero to villain.

There is no doubt about it, certain athletes are temperamentally better suited to villainous tactics than to heroic methods, no matter how decent they may be outside the ring. "Attack! attack! *attack!*" were the immortal words of a famous general—and that is the only style whereby this kind of wrestler can succeed.

Gerwig, at 26 a relative newcomer to the mat, has, until recently, been as heroic as you can get, making friends all over the central part of the U.S. and as far south as the Carolinas. What will happen now that he has decided to adopt the tactics of his late enemies is anybody's guess. Ours is that he will not lose any popularity with the fans—even though they may hiss instead of cheer him. Such drawing power as enjoyed by Killer Kowalski and Buddy Rogers is based on performance rather than on love.

Herb began his march to what he hopes will be the top about five years ago while working out at the local YMCA, not on the mat but with the weights. Like so many wrestlers drawn from the weight lifting ranks, Herb was spotted by a wrestling coach. He never bothered with the amateurs but went right into his first pro match in Plainsville, Ohio, not long after he tried his first flying tackle. His opponent was Angelo Spino, and to his astonishment, Herb won the bout. He has won many since, but with less and less surprise.

"The toughest was Buddy Rogers," he admits—as do so many other wrestlers who have met the great Rogers. "When I can beat him then I'll know I'm ready to think about becoming champion."

He thinks about it now. So does any other wrestler worth his salt. But the good thing about Herb Gerwig is that becoming champion is not an obsession with him. He's willing to wait. "At 25, I'm barely started in this business," he says. "They tell me I'm pretty good now—I'm bound to get better."

By turning villain, the way may be longer, but that doesn't deter him, either. "A man is either a good wrestler or he isn't. I don't think his style much matters. From now on, mine is going to be rough."

So far, villainy hasn't hurt Herb Gerwig in the ring or at the gate. Let's see if he can keep it up—and his opponents down. • *end*

The Amazing
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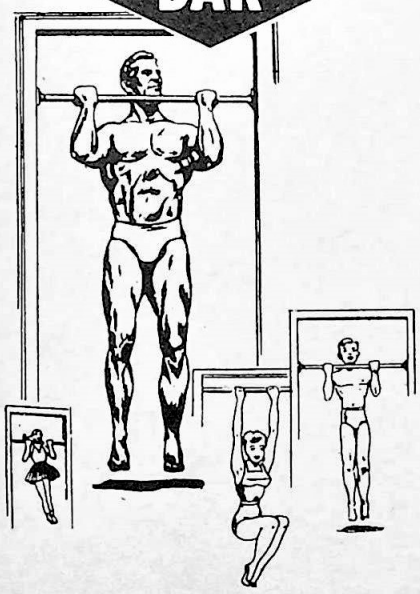

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(*continued from page 9*)

CURTIS and

Q: I don't think it was clumsy at all. In fact, I think it was rather skillfully explained. Thank you.

CURTIS: Oh, yes. If you need any explanations about women Markie is the man to do the explaining.

Q: Let's get off the subject of women now. WRESTLING REVUE receives many letters from young men who are anxious to break into professional wrestling. Many of these youngsters ask the question: Should we go to college, get our degree, then try wrestling? Don, you are a college graduate and a very successful wrestler. What would be your advice to these young men?

CURTIS: Above all else, go to college and get your degree. You'll still have plenty of time to try wrestling. But certainly don't lose the opportunity of getting an education. You may never have the chance again. A college education is also insurance for the future. If you try wrestling first and do not succeed, you have nothing to fall back on. But with your degree, you have many other fields to fall back on.

LEWIN: I go along with Don. I made the mistake of not going to college. I regret it very much now.

Q: Mark, you have two brothers, Ted and Donn, both fine wrestlers. Why is it that you teamed up with a non-member of your family when you could easily have teamed up with one of your brothers?

LEWIN: I am often asked that question and I always answer it the same way. I consider Don (Curtis) a member of my family. In fact he used to live with us in Buffalo while he was going to school. He had his own room and he was, well . . . he was just one of us. My mother and dad love him as much as they do their own sons. We grew up together. He *is* my brother!

CURTIS: That's right. My last name could easily have been Lewin instead of Curtis. Nobody in Buffalo would have known the difference, we were all that close.

Q: Speaking of being close, how in the world do you work so well together in the ring. It is almost unbelievable; as if you possessed a single mind? Are you clairvoyant, or is it mental telepathy?

CURTIS: Nothing as complicated as that. We just think alike. We have the same style in the ring, we both have a solid wrestling background, that is, we knew and could apply practically any hold long before we became professionals. I learned wrestling in college and I taught Markie all I knew.

Q: Do you have any signals that you use in the ring?

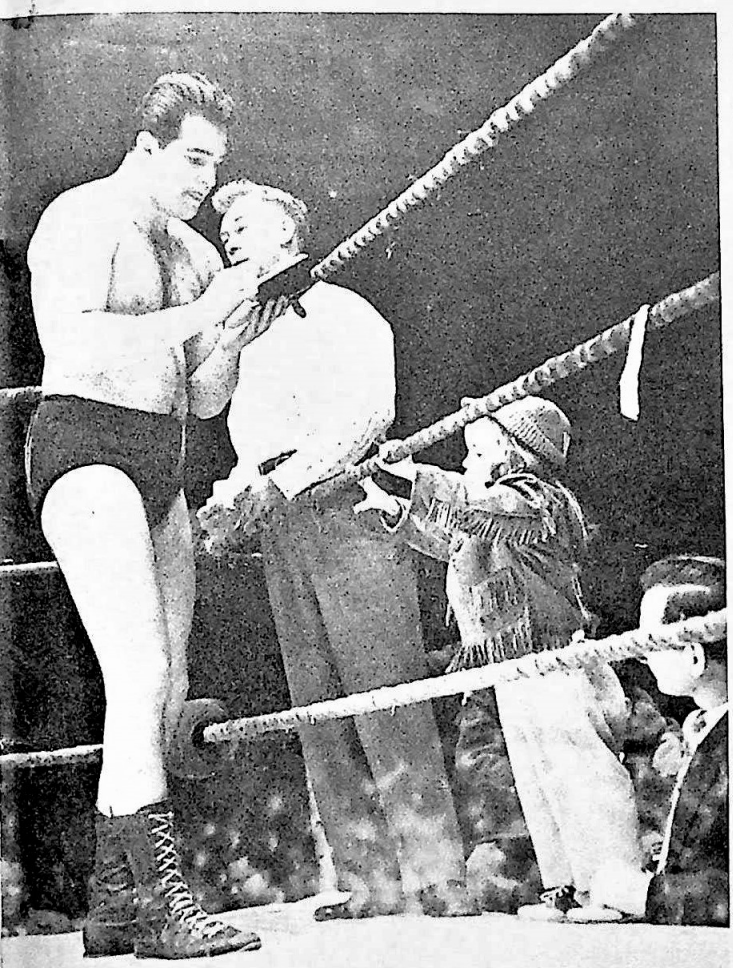
CURTIS: None at all. We find we have no need for them. For example: When Markie is in the ring and I'm outside on the apron waiting for him to tag me, I know exactly what's going on in his mind. I can tell if he's in trouble. I can tell if he wants me to come in or not. And I can tell what his next move is going to be. It also works the other way around: when I'm in the ring and Markie is on the apron.

Q: Amazing. Well, I think it's about time for you boys to get over to the Capital Arena where you're wrestling The Kangaroos tonight. But before we break up this interview is there anything you'd like to add to what has already been said?

CURTIS: Just that we want to thank you for this wonderful opportunity to talk with all the fans, and to compliment you for your exceptionally fine magazine. Every wrestler Markie and I have spoken to about it agrees with us that WRESTLING REVUE is just about the best thing that has happened to wrestling since television. And I'm sure all the fans feel the same way about it as we do. Your stories are terrific and your photographs, well, they make a person feel as if he's right there in the ring. Just wonderful, that's all, just wonderful.

LEWIN: That goes double for me. And thank you very much. • *end*

LEWIN



Strikingly handsome Mark Lewin is the favorite of girls from six to sixty. Here one of the six year olds gets his treasured autograph prior to main event in Washington, D.C.

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(Signed) STANLEY WESTON, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1960.

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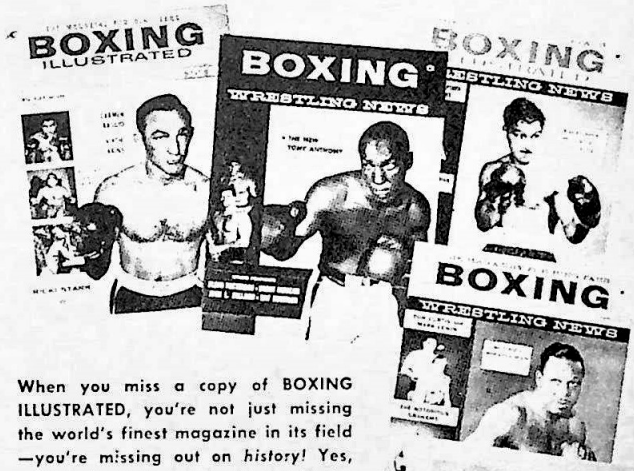

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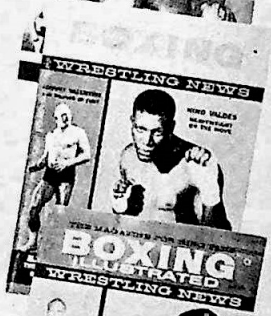

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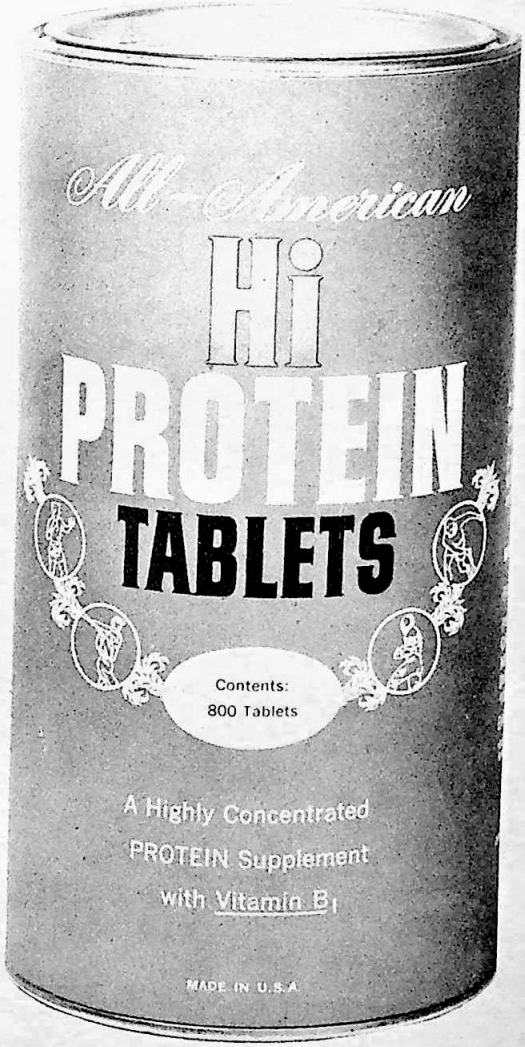

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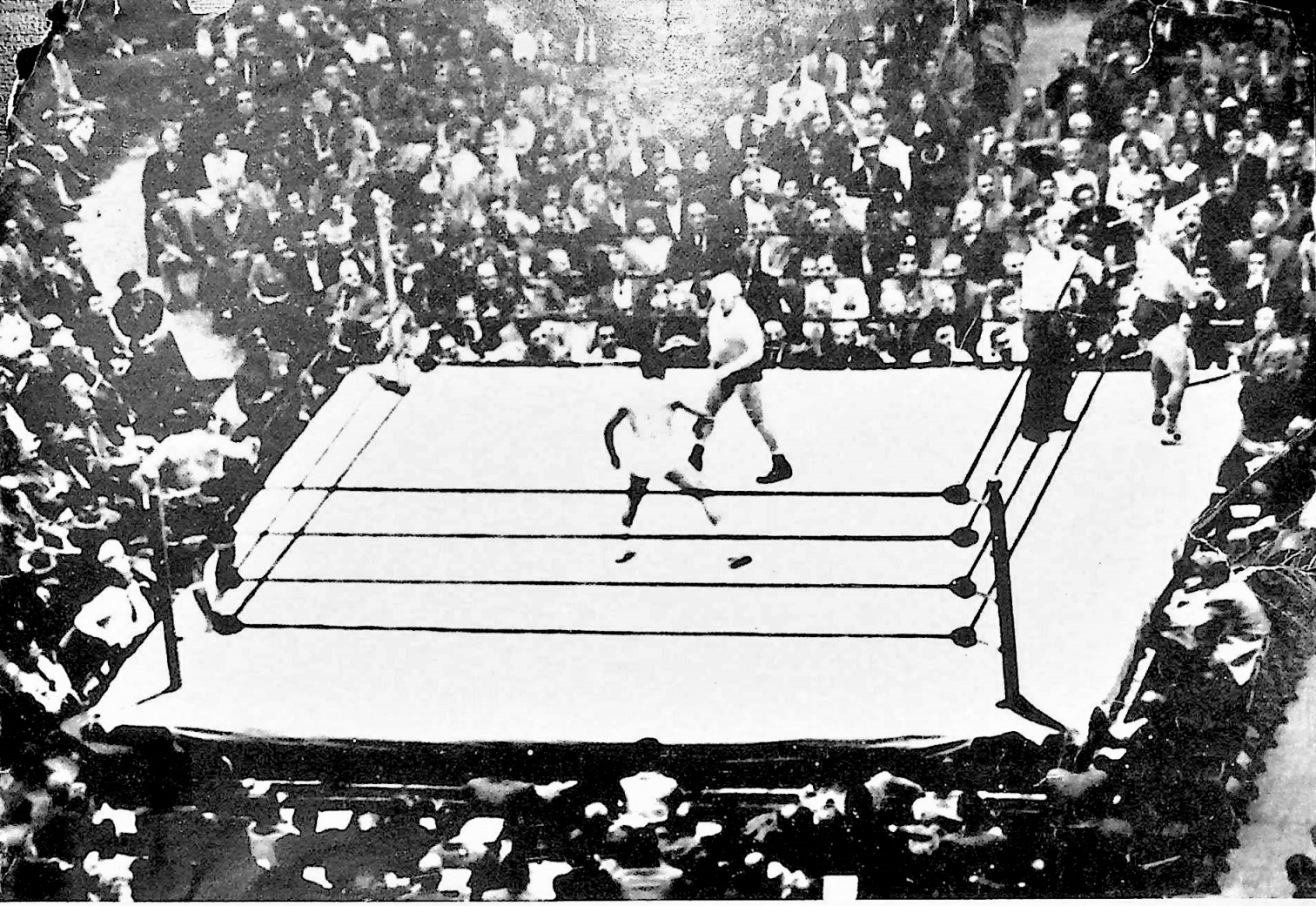

Official WRESTLING RATINGS

A poll of leading promoters, newsmen and the wrestlers themselves guided us in compiling these ratings.

MALE	FEMALE	TAG TEAMS
1 – PAT O'CONNOR	1 – JUNE BYERS	1 – THE KANGAROOS
2 – BUDDY ROGERS	2 – JUDY GRABLE	2 – ANTONINO ROCCA & MIGUEL PEREZ
3 – ANTONINO ROCCA	3 – TONA TOMAH	3 – BEARCAT WRIGHT & SWEET DADDY SIKI
4 – EDOUARD CARPENTIER	4 – LORRAINE JOHNSON	4 – THE SHIRE BROTHERS
5 – KILLER KOWALSKI	5 – KATHY STARR	5 – TINY MILLS & STAN KOWALSKI
6 – WHIPPER WATSON	6 – ELLA WALDEK	6 – THE KALMIKOFF BROTHERS
7 – KAROL KRAUSER	7 – LEE CHONA LaCLAIRE	7 – THE SHARPE BROTHERS
8 – DICK THE BRUISER	8 – ROSE ROMAN	8 – THE BASTIEN BROTHERS
9 – LOU THESZ	9 – BARBARA BAKER	9 – THE GALLAGHER BROTHERS
10 – BOB ELLIS	10 – FABULOUS MOOLAH	10 – THE MILLER BROTHERS

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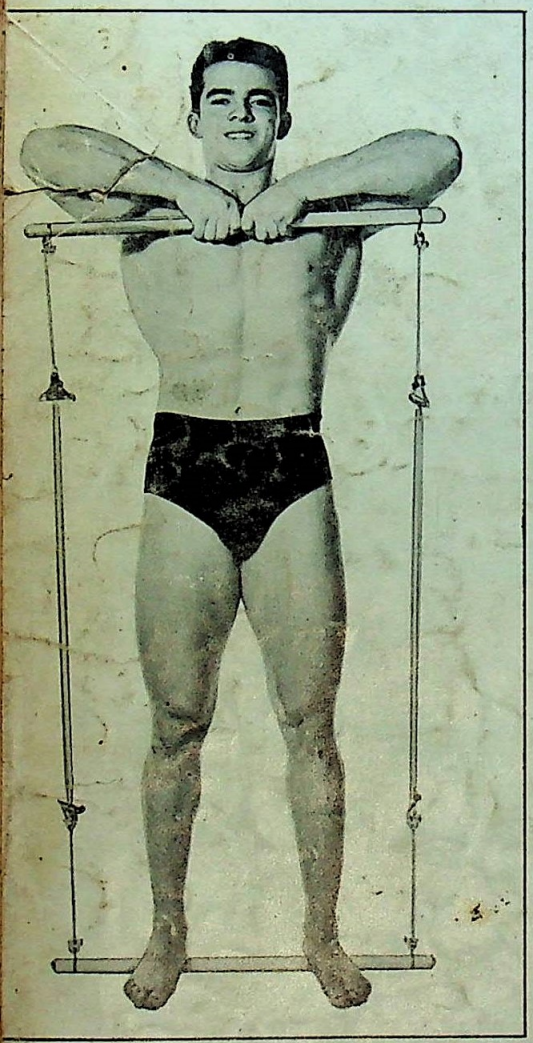

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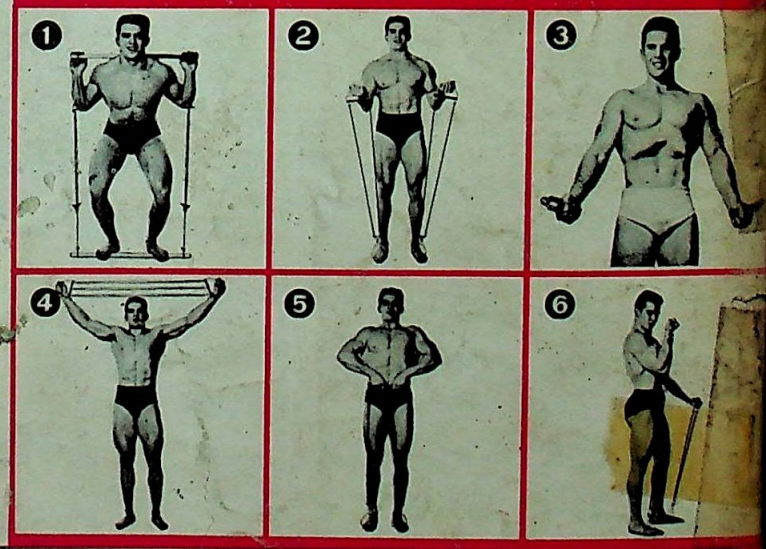

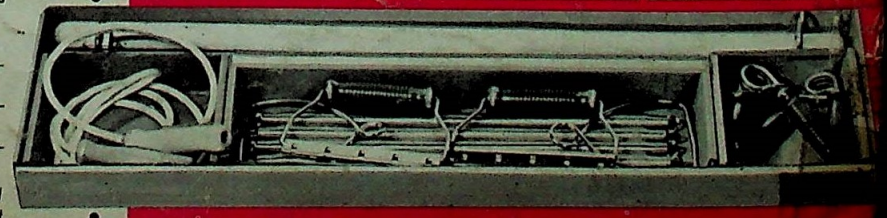

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